

CAMP RUNOIA

1964

Another summer is ending, and on Thursday we will be leaving Runoia on Great Pond, taking with us a Runoia summer to cherish in our hearts.

We will remember the little things and the big things- the call of reveille in the morning, the tranquil notes of taps in the evening. Juniors will remember sunny days by the ocean at Hermit Island, and Seniors will remember starlit nights on the Saco River and Chain of Ponds. We will remember the lovely Sunday services and Vespers either by the fireplace or by the blaze of a campfire on the beach. Whatever the beautiful memory is, there is, somewhere, the echo of a song.

One at Runoia this summer has helped create these memories. She has a sensitive heart which radiates cheerfulness and always has a warm, welcoming smile for everyone. What might be called Runoia loveliness can be found in this counselor, for she is a true example of our spirit - love, understanding, a desire to share feelings and talent, a desire to teach and help others to appreciate our summers here.

As long as campfires burn on Runoia's beaches, with happy faces turned upward to one God, singing and wishing, as each morning and evening a bugle heralds notes of purpose and peace, and our thoughts turn to Runoia... we will remember her. And so to Gerbie we affectionately dedicate the Log of 1964.

CAMP LIST - 1964

Apple, Elizabeth
Baker, Linda
Beals, Martha
Bieber, Carolyn
Bristol, Ann
Brodie, Pam
Buckley, Christine
Buckley, Tracey
Campbell, Debby
Carley, Rachel
Chalfant, Marget
Chalfant, Sarah
Cleveland, Winifred
Cobb, Sandra
Combes, Carol
Corscaden, Patty
Dalrymple, Ann
Dalrymple, Barbara
Dalton, Ellen
Davis, Amy
deBurlo, Jane
Dennis, Deborah
Ely, Diane
Euster, Caren
Fifield, Susan
Fink, Barbara
Freidson, Jane
Gates, Linda
Gladstein, Judith
Hamid, Elizabeth
Hilton, Beth
Kendall, Nancy
LaBonte, Lucie
London, Barbara
Lund, Cynthia
Maner, Claire
Master, Elsa

Master, Nancy
McCreary, Ann
Meyer, Georgia
Meyer, Virginia
Mitchell, Jeanne
Morey, Deborah
Morgan, Anne
Morgan, Catherine
Morgan, Cynthia
Nelson, Nancy
Pepper, Randi
Ramus, Grace
Rowell, Margaret
Rowell, Tricia
Runyon, Emile
Sataloff, Jody
Sharpe, Cathy
Sharpe, Susan
Sollenberger, Georgia
Squire, Rebecca
Squire, Susan
Tolcott, Lynn
Thompson, Audrey
Thompson, Julie
Trauth, Deborah
VanAllen, Margo
Vernaglia, Irene
Vorys, Carolyn
Weiss, Martha
Williams, Alice
Williamson, Susan
Wolfson, Ellen
Wright, Dorothy
Yates, Susan
Young, Mary
Zeman, Mary Ann

CAMP LIST - 1964

Counselors

Campbell, June
Carroll, Marjorie
Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Philip
Dalton, Penelope
Eklund, Jenifer
Fifield, Nancy
Fuller, Catherine
Greene, Ann
Hutchings, Joanne
Jacobi, Ruth
Johnson, Marian
Kinney, Esther
Rhodes, Mary Anne
Rogers, Eugenia
Sandberg, Carla
Schrader, Sharon
Shellberg, Doris
Thompson, Ann
Updike, Anne
Warren, Margaret
Weiser, Lucy

Aides

Apple, Carolyn
Fuller, Elizabeth
Master, Jane
Rosenblum, Susan
Stebbins, Cynthia

C.I.T.s

Gladstein, Janet
Griffith, Sandra
Hinckley, Deborah
Kennedy, Katherine
King, Betsey
London, Marjorie

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FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD

Across the Atlantic a small English boy is staring up at the sky trying to count all the billions of stars there together. Some stars differed, being bigger and brighter than others. But they were all together, twinkling and dancing. They didn't seem to mind. Slowly the stars faded and disappeared one by one until there were no more stars twinkling and playing together. One alone in the sky... and then it too disappeared.

This all happened in one night, but there is something like it happening all over the world, but over thousands of years. Children no longer play as freely together as they used to but divide into different classes, rich, poor, dark, light. They are all children but don't want to play together. That is because of foolishness.

This is where camp comes in. At camp everybody disregards color and race, and there isn't one boy or girl without a friend. Every person knows he or she can play together as friends.

Caren Euster

Sunday Service, July 26, 1964

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship can be practiced in many kinds of ways,
Friendship should be practiced every single day;
Think of all the children way across the sea;
Can I be a friend to them and will they be to me?
Be a friend to those you have, and try to make some new,
And then you will surely see what real friendship can do.

Cathy Morgan

ON SPORTSMANSHIP

It was Sports Week and the day of the singles tennis match. I'd been striving all summer towards the privilege of being picked by my captain to represent my team as the singles player. Although I knew that my opponent was good, I was positive I could beat her, for after all, I was the one who practiced every bit of free time I had. Maybe I should have saved a little time for building up friendships and concentrating on other activities. However, at the time, tennis seemed to take priority over everything else.

I entered the court smiling and reassured of my ability from the loud cheering of my team. I took the first game and smiled even more broadly as I took my stance ready for my opponent's serve. To my dismay I missed the shot, but I told myself that one miss would not matter. But after two or three misses my confidence faltered ever so slightly, and I found my opponent had taken the game 40-15.

As she took the next three games I really began to worry that something was definitely wrong. The next two games followed in rapid succession... both

in my opponent's favor. Before I had time to compose myself, I realized the worst had happened... I had lost! Without thinking of what I was doing, I stomped off the court, and without a word of congratulations to my opponent, slammed my racket down on the grass and ran blindly because of the tears that clouded my eyes, down to my shack.

When I calmed down, I began to think about my sportsmanship or, rather, my lack of it on the tennis court. As I pondered my actions more and more, I realized I would give anything to be back on the court right now, offering my competitor congratulations. But I knew I could not retract the past five or ten minutes. I would have to make amends the hard way.

Sue Squire

A STORY

Once upon a time, Johnson, Williamson and Thompson left their fathers, the Squires, in London to search for happiness in the world. They crossed the ocean and flew to Cleveland whence they found some horses and Sat-a-loff-ed to Maine. They had only three worldly goods, a gold Davis cup, some Bebe guns and a Sharpe knife to protect them against the Warren injuns.

"Where will we find happiness?" asked Johnson.

"Here is the Baker," answered Thompson. "Let's ask him." But the laughing Baker just threw them some Candy and said, "Here, maybe this will make you happy." But it was so hard, it broke their teeth, and they were very sad.

The boys walked on, and lo and behold Williamson cried, "Run-yon to the Sandy beach. There is Wolfson. He looks happy; maybe he knows." So they ran to Wolfson and inquired about the path to happiness.

"Ze-man," he replied. "Take these Combes and go to the Apple tree. Pick an Apple and tap it with the Combes. Then bite into it and you will have a vision that will lead you.

So they did as Wolfson said and soon their eyes closed, and when they awoke they were on a Pine Island surrounded by chirping Katy-dids and Roses-in-bloom. And there perched high on a rock was the big Greene King, polishing his boots with Griffith's shoe polish. "Well, how can I help ye lads?" said the King.

"Where is the path to happiness?"

"Well, see there. There are many obstacles ahead... the Sand-burg, the great Shell-berg and finally a dike. Go Up the Dike and look beyond. First I must sprinkle you with my magic Pepper so you will have a safe journey."

So they went and crossed the bergs and Up on the Dike they looked beyond. In their way was a huge hill.

"How do we get over the hill?" they asked. They started to climb up but they all just Tumble-d down. Then they saw the great Masters Three.

"So you too want the treasure that lies beyond the hill. Well gather your strength and together you must lift the Hil that is a ton. To give you energy here is some chocolate covered corn on the Cobb."

Johnson found it too sweet and another one of his teeth came out.

Finally they lifted the hill and beheld a beauteous sight. Thompson cried out in French, "La Bonte" and then they held out the Davis Cup and cried, "Full-ér up."

In poured rainbows and sunbeams. They heard ringing sounds and exclaimed, "My-er, I hear Camp-bells ringing." And before them were many Rhodes. They took the one to the Wright. It led to silver Gates, and behind the Gates Mary Young faces laughed and sang.

"Here is happiness!" Johnson, Thompson and Williamson exclaimed.

And they dwelt forevermore and were a little Weiser in their hearts forever after.

MUSIC

During the winter we hear classical and modern music by distinguished composers, jazz by renowned jazz artists, and occasional squeaks and sawing noises coming from the school orchestras. As soon as we enter camp there is a definite change in the music mood. There is no stiffness about it, and there is not a strict schedule to follow. At any time of the day you may hear someone casually strumming a guitar or ukulele, humming a popular folk song or whistling an original tune. Even if someone does not have great musical talent, singing a song or playing a few chords on the guitar can give great satisfaction. If you are in a carefree mood, a carefree song suits the occasion; a sad mood, a sad song, and an angry mood, a forceful song. A song can go very far. It can make new friends and entertain old ones, change your mood and the moods of others as well as suit them.

There is something very exciting and refreshing about singing around a camp fire or having Vespers on a pleasant Sunday night. There is something very

special about Vespers. Everyone in camp is gathered together in one big family, singing out the end of the week and singing in the beginning of a new one. The few lusty songs sung in morning assembly boost up the rest of the day and leave you recharged and ready for anything.

What would life be like without music - a world of noise - a jumble of inconsistent sound waves. There are many music groups from the United States which go abroad to strengthen and make new ties between ourselves and other countries. If there were no music, think of the world situation. Think how glum camp would be and the dullness of school life. But we don't have to worry.

"All things shall perish from under the sky,
but music alone shall live."

Mary Young

Sunday Service

THE TRIP UP TO CAMP

...OR HOW I LEARNED TO ENJOY HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICHES
AFTER A YEAR OF BLISSFUL UN-HAM...

The train and bus trip up to camp is a much-looked-forward-to event. Occupying our own car, the returning old campers and the arriving new campers have a regular "blast" racing up and down the aisles, (swaying from side to side if you're uncoordinated) reading magazines, (I remember two campers who got into a heated argument over who would read the Jimmy Olson Annual) and snatching delicious turkey sandwiches from the very mouths of hungry counselors.

I suffered earaches since the word, "PROVIDENCE," was ringing in my ears thanks to a couple of Juniors who love Rhode Island. Finally we reached Boston, and after lugging our trunk-size suitcases across the tracks, we ascended the steps of the air-conditioned bus at precisely 2:30 P.M. The bus trip was fairly uneventful except for the white lies told by two old campers to two new campers: "The beach is completely rock, we have cod liver oil for breakfast, the shack roofs leak, etc..."

We stopped at Howard Johnson's at 5:11 for a tasty meal of meat loaf, carrots, mashed potatoes and assorted ice creams. Much excitement was aroused among various Seniors at the entrance of a boys' camp. But... "Oh darn! They're sitting at the other end of the restaurant!"

With no further mishaps, we arrived at camp, singing heartily and looking forward to the summer ahead.

Sue Squire

THE BILLBOARD SONG

(will be remembered thanks to Georgia Meyer)

As I was walking down the street
A billboard caught my eye.
The advertisements there would make you laugh and cry.
The sign was torn and scattered from the night before,
And as I read the things it said,
Well this is what it said:

Smoke Coca-Cola cigarettes,
Drink Wrigley's Spearmint beer,
Kennel Ration Dog Food makes
Your wife's complexion clear;
Chew chocolate covered moth balls
They always satisfy,
And brush your teeth with Life-boy soap,
And watch the suds go by.

As I recovered from my shock
I went upon my way.
I'd gone no further than a block
And there for my dismay,
Another billboard caught my eye
And like the one before,
The wind and rain had done its work
'Cause this is what I saw:

Oh, take your next vacation
In a brand new frigidare,
And learn to play piano
In your winter underwear;
Simonize your baby
In a Hershey candy bar,
And see the difference Draino makes
In all your movie stars.

Doctors prove that babies
Shouldn't smoke before they're three,
And people over thirty-five
Take baths in Lipton tea,
And if you buy a record of this little song,
Do your country a favor, and throw it on the ground!

THIRD SHACK TRIP TO HORSE POINT

One somewhat cloudy Tuesday in July, half of Third Shack left for Horse Point. The water was much too rough to paddle over, so Phil drove us over in the truck. It was lots of fun as we sang and told stories all the way.

When we got there, the tent was already up which saved time. We unpacked, lost everything in the jumble, and went swimming in the nice cool breezy water. Our supper was Toad-in-the-hole which was made out of nice tasty things like snakes' eyes, bats' claws, toads' skins etc... We ate this dish in our enchanted mansion on the rocks.

Then as fate would have it, a thunderstorm broke out, and we hurried to Merriweather and sang songs. When the rain stopped, everybody went back and heard stories and made Somemores. When it was really dark, we heard ghost stories and then went to bed.

Next morning we got up and ate breakfast which was freshly picked blueberry pancakes. Later in the morning Phil came over with the canoes, and we shipped ahoy and paddled back to Runoia.

THIRD SHACK TRIP SONG TO HORSE POINT

Tune: "Here's To Our Camp R-U-N-O-I-A"

We left our camp on Tuesday
For Horse Point, the night to stay.
Phil drove us over in the truck,
For the lake was much, much too rough.
We gathered wood for Toad-in-the-hole,
And went swimming in the water cold.
We played in our enchanted mansion,
'Twas our passion,
We had fun.

As we were eating thunder cracked,
And we felt rain upon our backs.
To Merriweather we did scurry
In a hurry,
We had a storm.

When sunset came, the rain had stopped,
Back to our campsite we really hopped.
We heard a tale of Epaminondas,
And Caren Euster really, really scared us
With her stories of the Twilight Zone
That shocked and shivered every bone.
Then to bed we all went,
We all went,
We slept well.

At 7:30 we heard a bell
From the camp we love so well.
We made our pancakes with berries blue,
Had cocoa and fruit cocktail too.
We packed our bags, took down the tent,
Then came Phil with canoes he sent.
We loaded up and shipped ahoy,
Boy, oh, boy,
Did we have fun!

FIRST HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

On July 27th half of the Juniors of all ages set out for an enjoyable three day trip to Hermit Island. After a two hour trip of singing and talking, the happy crew arrived at their campsite. The campsite was located on a small hill which overlooked the ocean on one side. On the other side there was a drop of about fifteen feet to a small cove of stones, seawater, sealife and seaweeds.

As soon as lunch was over, we set to work putting up a tent and building a fire. We were all divided and placed into two different tents. When this was done, the campers raced down to the beach to spend the rest of the day in the sun and sand.

When meal time came around, we all proved ourselves as chefs as a delicious dinner of "bubble and squeak" was served, followed by graham cracker brownies.

Another swim followed along with singing around the campfire, and then after a long day, the tired but happy children went reluctantly to bed to await another bright and sunny day.

The next day the weather was ideal for a day at the beach, so the girls again spent another day down at the beach with the salty brine. That afternoon we spent preparing delectable lobsters for that night's dinner. Later that evening the lobsters were served along with dessert. In the dark the girls carefully planned and concocted banana boats from marshmallows and Hershey squares. Wrapped in aluminum foil, they were tossed into the red and glowing embers.

That night proved colder than the last and so no swim for the campers. Again we sat around the campfire and sang. Later, when bedtime approached, tired but not ready to admit it, the crew marched off to bed.

The next day's weather seemed to fail, as we awoke to fog and wind. After a good but rather cold breakfast the girls set to work getting things straightened up for the time of departure. As the morning passed, spirits dimmed, but then came some excitement. Some of the girls had gone off to fetch water, and while they were coming back, they met a boy named Freddy. He spent the morning with us and accompanied Gerbie on the guitar. He also sang us his own verse to "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?"

Soon after Freddy left, Phil arrived with the truck and the car. After hasty goodbyes to the

oncoming group, we set off for the trip home. Around lunchtime we visited historic Fort Pompham for a meal of sandwiches and soda pop. After lunch we went exploring in the old fort, but all too soon we were piled back into our cars and trucks for the remaining part of the journey home.

It was a little past rest hour when the truck rolled into the Runoia drive, full of singing girls. It had been a fun and rewarding trip.

Cathy Morgan

SECOND HERMIT ISLAND TRIP

Bump, bump, bump, bump! We were off, bound for Hermit Island. Bump, bump, bump! "Ouch," complained all those in the truck. It was not the kind of day one would consider perfect for the trip since fog surrounded us and the sky threatened to storm at any time. At last we got to Hermit and unpacked. Some of the more daring ones went for a dip in the chilly Atlantic water. Then we prepared supper, "Bubble and squeak." It was then that we met Freddy. He was right on time for supper too. Meg Chalfant thought that he was nice and asked him for the meal. Freddy, in turn, asked us to come to a hootnanny that night. We accepted and at 7:45 went to the appointed place on the beach. It was really quite funny, for Rachie Carley thought it was going to be televised. "Oh, I hope Mommy is watching T.V. now," she said.

The second day we got up and had started breakfast only to find that Freddy was "visiting" us again. Kindly we offered him some food but all he wanted was a slice of bacon and coffee. Freddy didn't have lunch with us

because we ate on the beach. We were bitten by horrible little greenhead flies. Some of us participated in a sand castle building contest. The castle built by Ceci Morgan and Jane Freidson won.

When rest hour was over, we went swimming and got tanned by the sun. Sandy Griffith, Janet Gladstein and Nancy Fifield were sleeping, and one by one we dragged them into the water. We were just about to do Sharon when she woke up. The day ended climatically when Ellen Dalton fell and cut her cheek.

For supper we had lobster, and Freddy was there. This time Rachie told him off. "I'm hungry," he hinted. "Well, you aren't going to gyp us out of our food," said Rachie. We all had a good laugh and didn't see Freddy after that!

Our third day we awoke and had a quick dip. The counselors did all the work while the campers packed their rolls and took down the tent. We ate breakfast, washed dishes and packed some more. Finally Phil came and we went to Fort Pompham for lunch.

Boy, did we have fun.

Jane Freidson

SECOND HERMIT ISLAND TRIP SONG

Tune: "Stu Ball"

Oh, Hermit is an Island
And I wish it were mine
With beaches and sunshine
And cool salty brine.

We came on a Wednesday
The fog was so dense;
We laid out our knapsacks
In the blue and green tents.

We started our dinner
And Freddy was there;
The first trip had told us
Of him to beware.

Oh, Freddy was a beach bum
And I'm glad he's not mine
His hair's from a bottle
And he ate what was mine.

Went to the Kelp shed
And Freddy was there;
He started us singing
Soon the Kelp shed was bare.

The evening was windy
The surf it did pound;
The tent came a-tumbling
Right down to the ground.

The next day was Thursday
The sun it was hot;
We all got a sunburn
And ate quite alot.

We packed out next morning,
Moved on to the fort;
With jam and marshmallow
And things of that sort.

Oh, Hermit is an island
And I wish it were mine,
With beaches and sunshine
And cool salty brine.

JUNIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

I looked out and waved goodbye to the camera, and we were off! It was quite exciting being bound for Pemaquid and passing another bus of campers (from a different camp.) Finally we were there. We got out and ordered our food. Later we bought souvenirs.

Soon we were on the bus and went to the beach. Some of the more daring went swimming in the icy ocean water. The rest of us sunburned ourselves while building a magnificent sand castle.

It was about suppertime, so we left the beach and went back to Lighthouse Point to eat. We also had stale bread for the gulls, and Yum found out that gulls prefer egg salad sandwiches to stale bread the hard way!

Finally the glorious day had ended and we started home. On the way back we stopped and had ice cream And so another fun-filled Runoia day had closed.

Jane Freidson

SENIOR TRIP TO PEMAQUID

All the Seniors plus Greenie, Cathy Fuller, Penny, Margie, Carla and Ruthie left camp early Friday morning, July 31, for Pemaquid Beach. We sang and talked for about two hours on the bus.

First we went to Gilbert's Lobster Pound for lobsters and clams. Boy were they good! We also bought bags and bags of candy. Most of us bought Linda Gates a big "S" since she could not go.

Soon we got back on the bus and went to the beach. Some of us built huge sand castles by dripping sand. A few unfortunate ones were thrown in the ocean while others hibernated under the sand.

Later that afternoon we left to go to the lighthouse where we enjoyed the view and the waves. Some of us fed the gulls from our hands.

Due to a temporary loss of three girls, we got a late start home. Ice cream cones on the way home ended a happy trip.

Caroline Vorys

SEVENTH SHACK TRIP TO OAK ISLAND

It all started out with a mad scramble and dashing Seventh Shackers plunging into the bushes looking faithfully for firewood. With as little brainwork as possible, we loaded everything into five canoes and pushed off into the rolling waves toward Oak Island. Here, Seventh Shack was to enjoy a feast of lobster, drenched in melted butter, corn on the cob roasted on the hot coals, steak cooked to perfection, lemonade for all, and an abundance of ice cream and cake carefully camouflaged along with a printed blouse for Cathy Fuller's eighteenth.

Oh, as we struggled to overcome the waves and remain on course, these brave and hungry pioneers were able to control themselves just enough to think these lovely thoughts while uttering, "Old MacDonald Had a Farm."

After arriving, an earnest attempt was made to become organized as the canoes were racked. Margo and Bobbie began a fire, and crawling lobsters were

tickled before being dropped into a pot of boiling water. Then before we knew it, the dissection of the lobsters began, and we all eagerly became first-class "slobs."

"Morgan, you just CAN'T eat the feelers!"

"What the heck can you do with this thing?"

"Hey, I think this...here's a hairy eyeball, group!"

"You know, I can't figure out if this thing is a steak or a hamburger."

"Is Cathy Fuller's boy friend named Dick?"

"Funny thing..."

"I think I'll name my lobster Dick..."

"But what if it's a She?"

"Scratch that!"

"Hey everybody, this tomale stuff is good!"

"Yeah? Well, do you want mine?"

"No, I don't like it, and besides, I never touch the stuff."

Then after a mighty speech and song, the cake emerged, candles and all.

"Anyone for soft ice cream?"

"Yeah...catch!"

"Ooops..."

"This lobster claw fits perfectly. I think I'll use it sometime."

"How 'bout skinnys, Fuller?"

"Yeah, it might help..."

"Well, let's get back then, 'cause Margo's getting awful cold."

Then, with teeth sitting perfectly and stomachs bulging, the Seventh Shackers paddled homeward, back to Runoia again.

Connie Warren

SECOND SENIOR TRIP TO CROOKED ISLAND

Finally we were off! After loading our canoes and stopping at Fairy Ring for wood, we headed across the lake. We took our time getting there. Somehow Betsy Apple and Debbie Dennis (those silly dippers) couldn't keep up with the rest of us.

When we got there, we pitched our tent and made dinner. Debbie and Bobbie worked on fire while others, including Joanne Hutchings, Ann Bristol and Pam Brodie, made our yummy dinner. Margo VanAllen better be careful or she'll get dishpan hands, and I don't know what Carla and Betsy Fuller would have done without coffee.

Later we had Somemores and soon went to bed. Margo, Joanne, Betsy and Bobbie spent the night out of the tent. After some interruptions by bugs, hungry people, etc., we fell asleep.

In the morning we headed back with hopes of missing swimming lessons. We passed some fishermen, and I think we scared the fish away with our songs and other noises. Now we are back and anxiously awaiting another trip.

Bobbie London

FIRST LONG LAKE TRIP

We started off on a beautiful day with sunny, blue skies. We paddled to the town of Belgrade Lakes, singing most of the way accompanied by Andie's ukulele. The paddle to Long Lake was easy, but once we crossed over into Long Lake, it became quite windy and the paddling was difficult.

We stopped at a small island for lunch which consisted of tuna fish and ham and cheese sandwiches, potato chips and orange juice. For dessert we had oranges and cookies. Then we all took a dip in the refreshing water.

We continued paddling in the rough waves which made our trip extremely difficult. We finally arrived at our campsite late in the afternoon. Immediately, we litched our tent and set up camp. After a rewarding swim in the cool lake, we all helped to cook our delicious supper of beef stew, biscuits and chocolate pudding (frosting?) After another swim in the lake, we gathered round the campfire and sang gloriously until ten o'clock. We then all retired after a busy yet delightful day.

The following morning brought warmth and sunshine.

On the breakfast menu was French toast, Maypo, pineapple-grapefruit juice and cocoa. We then paddled to the end of Long Lake. The wind had died down and it was a beautiful day. We entered the stream and paddled until we got to the "darn." There we stopped for a quick swim and lunch. Without the aid of silverware, eating was a little difficult. Somehow we managed to eat the canned peaches and drink the orange juice sans cups! Nevertheless, we had a good meal and started out again on our journey. Soon we met the second trippers en route to the campsite. Everyone exchanged hellos and goodbyes, and each group continued on its way.

We reached the end of the stream about four o'clock and continued to our landing spot to unload our equipment and settle down for a late afternoon siesta. Phil soon picked us up in the red truck, and we returned to camp quite sunburned but happy.

Cindy Lund

Lynn Tolcott

SECOND LONG LAKE TRIP

On a sunny Thursday morning, July 16, a group of Seniors were driven to the beginning of the Belgrade Stream. That was the beginning of the overnight trip no one would forget until our sunburn burned away. We started at about eleven o'clock and continued paddling until we stopped at the "darn" for lunch. After our hunger was satisfied, we again started on our way to Long Lake. We didn't stop until we got there and hunted for the tent that the trip before had left. As soon as we arrived, we plunged into the water and then had dinner (after a little cooking.) When it came time for bed, only a few daring campers slept out, but we were eaten alive by mosquitoes by morning. After breakfast we packed the canoes and started back to camp.

After that night's "rest," we paddled "full blast" to the town of Belgrade Lakes where we portaged our canoes and had lunch. After lunch we started paddling through a stream towards Great Pond. It was windy when we reached our lake. We streaked faster and finally reached our cove. We were looking forward to a welcome wagon on the beach, and we were disappointed to find a deserted camp. Nevertheless, we found it most enjoyable to have a dip in peace!

Sue Fifield
Sue Yates

THIRD LONG LAKE TRIP

One morning eight campers and three counselors set out for Long Lake. We paddled to Belgrade Lakes where we portaged. We had to go all the way along the bridge instead of just across it because a boat was in our portaging spot. After we got our canoes into Long Lake, we decided to stop at Camp Wyconda, a deserted boys' camp, for lunch. After we ate lunch and explored, we left for our campsite. We arrived in the late afternoon.

After supper we realized it was going to rain... and it did. The storm lasted about an hour and a half during which we stayed in the tent and sang. Soon after we went to bed.

The next day we started our paddle at 10:45. We stopped at about noon for a portage over the "darn," ate lunch and started off again. At about two o'clock a storm which had been approaching all day finally hit. Since aluminum canoes weren't the safest places to be in a thunderstorm, we stopped in a field to wait for the storm to pass. It started raining so hard that Mary Young and Margey Warren went up to a farmhouse to call Phil. They hurried back to tell us Phil would be by in a while to pick us up. When Phil arrived, we emptied the water from our canoes, unloaded our equipment and went back to camp, wet but happy.

FIRST CRUISE

We set out on a full stomach of Jello and Parker-house rolls. After settling ourselves comfortably on various and sundry sleeping bags in the truck, we proceeded to sing "John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt" through every town until we reached Cozy Harbor. There, in the dark of night, we loaded our luggage into Captain Kelley's trusty motorboat. As soon as the first cruise had a leisurely inspection of such stunners as the "head" and the "folksyl," we rowed back to the General Store, complete with Rip Van Winkle bowling alley.

Monday we sailed to Boothbay Harbor. Quite a few trips were made to our laundry bags for sweaters, jackets, socks, etc., because of the cold and windy weather. Also, because of the dampness, many (whose names I will not mention) slipped and fell more than once topside.

We arrived in Boothbay soon after eating our PBJ's and rowed into town. Amidst shopping and buying candy and James Bond novels, we had our lobster dinner. Once outside, Penny and Gerbie taught a few eager listeners some pointers on lobsters.

Promptly at 9:30 we arrived at the Blackbird where Audrey didn't feel too well. Soon we all fell asleep only to wake to a rainy morning which we spent playing Jotto and sleeping. After lunch we went again into Boothbay where we shopped, ate and made friends with some sailors who took us on a tour of the U.S.S. Matabasett. Acrophobia was experienced by a few members of the group at the sight of some ladders we had to ascend and descend, but after trying them out, we overcame our fears.

Back on the Blackbird we saw to it that the seagulls had a delicious meal of rancid hamburger. While Penny and Gerbie quickly rowed in for more hamburger, we learned how to row "a la Burt." After our meal of Cheese-whiz Burgers, we raced into town for a rendezvous with the Cardinal, which, though slightly on the long side, was pretty good.

Finally Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear, and we sailed in Windjammer Day for the experience of our lives. Led by the Victory Chimes, it was really something, and we made the most of it by sitting on deck in our daring two-piecers. The day was unmarred. Back to Boothbay by four, we packed up and rowed into town where we met the second cruise. We said goodbyes to Burt and Captain Kelley and settled back to enjoy PBJs for a change. After one last swift trip into town for another James Bond story, we zoomed away in the car with Sharon in the lead for home, singing, "I want to go back to the cruise again..."

Sue Squire

SECOND CRUISE

The second cruise left camp on Wednesday, July 15. The ride to Boothbay was a smooth one, and we were there in no time. We greeted the first cruise with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. After we had all of our bags etc. on the dock and the first group had gotten organized in the car, they departed.

On board we arranged our things, and then took a boat to shore. That evening we spent gallivanting around Boothbay Harbor.

The next morning everybody was up, dressed and having breakfast at 6:30. We sailed out of Boothbay Harbor around 7:30 A.M. As the day progressed, the wind picked up. We had a beautiful sail. We weaved in and out all along the coast.

We ported in a little harbor called Friendship. Much to our surprise and delight, we found that we could get lobster for sixty cents a pound. After walking two miles to the nearest store for some lettuce, we went back to the boat and cooked our lobster. MMMM!

In the morning we all slept until 9:30. Soon we were on our way back to Boothbay. It was a beautiful

day but not a very windy one. On our way to Boothbay, we found some people who were in irons, so we towed them to the entrance of the harbor. The girl from their boat came aboard the Blackbird. Her name was Leslie and she came from Louisiana. We enjoyed talking with her.

We finally ported in Boothbay Harbor and had supper. After supper we took off to see the town again.

The next morning we headed for Cozy Harbor. It was a very windy day, and as we got out farther, we began to heel. The waves seemed to get bigger and the wind stronger. Many of us got ambitious and draped our legs over the sides of the boat with our feet in the cold, cold water. Soon we came to a bridge. As we got closer, the Captain blew the fog horn and slowly the bridge began to turn. As we passed through the bridge, people waiting to cross got out of their cars and began to take pictures of us. After we had gone through the bridge, we heard music. Soon we recognized the music to be that of bagpipes. We enjoyed being serenaded.

We finally arrived in Cozy Harbor after having had a beautiful and exciting sail. On shore Sharon met us with the truck and we had a bumpy ride home. At camp a welcoming party greeted us at the gate. I'm sure we will always remember the second cruise of 1964.

Beth Hilton

THIRD CRUISE

After an early supper the third cruise started out for its port of departure, Cozy Harbor. After packing the car and making last additions to our laundry bags, we were off. Even though the trip took an hour and a half, it seemed twice as long since we were all anxious to get there.

When we finally arrived, Captain Kelley and Skip were there to greet us. Skip is Captain Kelley's small black cocker spaniel. We made several trips to the Blackbird with food, sleeping bags, laundry bags, etc... and we all impatiently awaited the time to explore the boat. While most of us slept well, a few of us were kept awake by intruders. Captain Kelley chased them away, however, and all again was well.

After a hearty breakfast we set sail. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The pix is broken!" We found the culprit... Elsa has struck again. We waited in agony while the Captain tried to fix it. Out of sheer desperation, the bow sprit came in handy.

The wind was great, but most of us took refuge in our sleeping bags on the deck. Barbie Fink, Elsa Master, Sally Chalfant and Lynn Tolcott always made sure they were on the leeward side of the boat.

Boothbay was our destination, and once again we stocked up on essentials not allowed in camp. The last store we visited was a snack shop, and cokes and frappes made up the menu. At five-thirty we decided to head back to the boat for supper. After swabbing the deck and eating very little, we had a chance to talk to Captain Kelley and Burt. We found them most interesting.

Meanwhile, we thought the kids back at Runoia were celebrating Christmas since it was July 25. To be appropriate, we sat on the deck that night singing Christmas carols to people in the harbor! It started getting chilly so we climbed down to bed.

The next day we had a beautiful sail with winds from 25 to 30 miles an hour. Again we were on deck in our sleeping bags, but we kept falling off the deck and nearly into the water. After a while some of us sat on the edge and tried to touch the water with our feet. At first it was hard, but as the wind heightened, we found we were getting soaked. It really was fun!

We attempted to sail to Robinhood, but the tide and the wind we both against us, so we had to give up and sail back to Boothbay Harbor.

Our last day we sailed back to Cozy Harbor, but the wind was so great we decided to sail to Monhegan Island, quite a distance away.

Ruthie was sprawled out on the bow sprit in her two piece when a huge Navy Cabin Cruiser went by and whistled. She sure got off the bow sprit in a hurry!

We had the sails down and were just about to enter the harbor when our motor wouldn't start. We grabbed hold of another boat while Captain Kelley got the motor started, nearly crashing into three smaller boats. Some of us were a little scared, but we all knew Captain Kelley had complete charge of the boat.

It felt good to be on dry land again, but we all felt sad at leaving Captain Kelley, Burt, "Skip" and the Blackbird. We went into the restaurant to order our lobsters and then went to a picnic table outside. Sharon and Ruthie ate almost all of our lobster bodies. After we cleaned up, we were finally on our way home. All of us were looking forward to a nice dip in the lake.

Elsa Master
Sally Chalfant

SACO RIVER TRIP

We arrived at our campsite on the Saco River about 6 P.M. on Sunday, August 2. There were sixteen of us, thirteen campers (from Fifth and Sixth Shacks), two counselors, Margy Warren and Gerbie Rhodes, and an aide, Janie Master. We all pitched in to prepare supper immediately after arriving. Our main course was Toad-in-the-hole. After some difficulty, we finally succeeded in arranging our sleeping bags in the wooden lean-to of the campsite so that everyone was satisfied. Then we went to bed. I found it hard to sleep on the cold, hard ground and dreamed of Gerbie's air mattress all night long.

We were all up by 7:30 the next morning. Yes, even Gerbie, Margy and Janie M. (Wonders never cease, do they?) After breakfast we set out paddling for Lovell's Pond. We went on the Pond's shore to eat lunch. Rested and refreshed, we paddled back to our campsite after eating.

When we got back, we discovered that, joy of all joys, we were surrounded by boys! The campsites on either side of us were packed with them. However, we

were invaded by girls of another camp that evening. We were kind of suspicious of their motives because there was a whole beach available, but they chose to do stunts in front of the boys and us. Finally, Jane and Carol went over and asked the boys on our right, who were from Camp Timanous, if we could use their Frizby. They let us, and soon we found ourselves playing Frizby with them. Our invaders disappeared! We were torn from Camp Timanous, however, by Camp Winona on our left, whose boys invited us to have cocoa with them around their campfire. The cocoa was spiked! Gerbie, Margy and Janie M. had a wonderful time with those handsome counselors.

After that we went to bed, and some of us, including me, almost froze that night. In the morning after a breakfast that included purple blueberry pancakes, syrup that was about to go bad and chocolate pudding, we set out paddling downstream. We were within sight of our Camp Timanous that was ahead of us heading for the same place we were. But after an hour and fifteen minutes we stopped on a small beach for lunch and lost sight of them. For almost half an hour a canoe with the same girls who had invaded us the night before would pass by. Each one would ask if we had seen another canoe like theirs.

Finally, at about 2:45, we arrived at our destination, a bridge where Johnny and Phil picked us up. The Timanous

boys were camped very near the bridge, and we saw them for the last time. When we climbed into the car and truck to go, most of us were sad to leave the river but happy to be going back to camp.

Bebe Ramus

CHAIN OF PONDS

The highlight of the summer was when Seventh Shack went on a four-day excursion to Chain of Ponds. The merry crew consisted of Mary Young, Elsa Master, Bobbie London, Anne Morgan, Linda Baker, Margo VanAllen, Linda Gates, Connie Warren, Debby Morey, Irene Vernaglia, Audrey Thompson, and Allie Williams. Our counselors were Carla Sandberg, Carolyn Apple and Cathy Fuller who was a quick substitute for Joanne Hutchings who sprained her ankle in a riotous game of kickball.

We set out on a Monday morning, everyone dosed up with dramamines and hay fever pills. Our dehydrated food was packed carefully on the truck along with our sleeping bags and other possessions. The long ride made everyone car sick despite the medication. Around lunch time we arrived at a beautiful lake where we put in our canoes and had lunch. We ate with gusto and realized it would be our last meal of real food for several days.

We were in high spirits as we started our paddle, and Elsa and Anne swore that they saw a moose in the middle of the lake. (Actually it was only two sticks upright in the water.) Having been previously warned

by Phil that there were rabid animals wandering around, we all wanted rabies shots. Elsa was sure that the moose would charge at her.

About five in the afternoon we pitched our tent at a beautiful campsite, garbage cans and pix included. Everyone was fighting for the chance to be chef and fix our first meal of dehydrated food: beef stew, hot biscuits, chocolate milk shake and apple sauce. It all sounded very appetizing, but we were soon to find out. The food was opened and for a moment our spirits were temporarily shattered. The food had to be **soaked** for twenty minutes in water and then was put on the fire to cook. It was then dished out and everyone had a bite and a sip and Ugh! "This is awful," were the horrified cries, but we ate for we were starving.

Carla warned us not to go by the road because we might attract boys with our beautiful looks. So a truck stopped by our campsite and everyone was frightened and Elsa hid in the tent. Carla, however, was brave and went up to talk to them and came back all smiling and happy because they were so cute. She said that they were forest rangers and would probably pay us a visit soon.

A few were brave and slept outside the first night, but most of us slept in the tent. We woke up early the next morning to a blazing fire which Bobbie started for us. Breakfast was started, and we picked blueberries

for the pancakes and they were delicious.

The water that day was **very** low and we had either to walk or rope our canoes most of the way. We stopped for lunch at Shadagee Falls where we enjoyed a beautiful view of the surrounding mountains. After lunch we went on through the rips and low water. We stopped part way to our campsite to go swimming in a lake that was a few hundred yards away from the stream that we were following. After the swimming we got back in our canoes and went on to our campsite which was on Alden Stream. After quite a few hours of paddling, we finally reached the site also equipped with pix and garbage cans. We immediately started to unload the canoes and proceed to the campsite which was located up a small path not too far from the stream. After everyone had finished unloading the canoes and had gathered firewood, we started to explore the surrounding area. Connie and a few others explored an abandoned tractor, and they started to work on it to see if it would run. In the meantime our supper for that night was soaking. It consisted of chicken stew, biscuits, lemonade and coconut cream pudding.

Again that night some of the brave people slept out and early the next morning they had a warm fire waiting for the people who like to sleep in the morning.

We had scrambled eggs for breakfast and they weren't

too bad considering that they were dehydrated. Some of our crew discovered that tea is very good and we continued to have it morning and night.

We packed our canoes again and started on our way. We went back through Alden Stream and got back on the main stream again. After a few minutes we were back in the old routine of walking the canoes over shallow parts of the stream and over and around rocks we got caught on. By that time it had started to rain. Carla decided we should go back to the campsite we had just left, hoping that the people who camped below us had not left, so Cathy and Carla could go into town to call Phil. The people were still there but they did not seem too enthusiastic about taking them to town, so they hitchhiked. When they got to town, they called Phil and they brought us some decent food. They also saw the two rangers again. In the meantime, wood had been gathered and a fire started. Again some of the kids started to work on the tractor. After awhile we started work on our trip song, and we had it finished when Cathy and Carla came back. They told us that Phil was coming that night and he was going to bring us food. When he finally arrived, he presented us with steak, milk, blueberries, and many more edibles for both that night and the next morning and noon. He also said we could have anything

we wanted. That night we sang our trip song for him and he seemed to enjoy it.

That night Phil told us about some criminals who had escaped and how he heard there were some bears around that area. Connie and some other members of the crew tried to scare Anne Morgan and Linda Gates while they were out in the woods. That night some one came in a car and started growling and throwing rocks at the trees. Then all of a sudden we heard a laugh and a car speeding by us until it was out of hearing distance.

The next morning we had hash and tea for breakfast, but before breakfast we had all the packs rolled and the tent taken down because we had to leave at seven o'clock. Phil portaged us to another part of the river a few miles away. We put our canoes in there and then left for Flagstaff Lake where we hoped to meet him that afternoon. We paddled again but this time we didn't have any food or packs to carry because Phil had them. The first part of the day's paddle was like the first which had been just before lunch.

The boom was almost at the end of our journey, in fact, it was on Flagstaff Lake. We arrived at our campsite a little while later which added more excitement. The men who were there showed us some bobcat tracks. Phil brought us some cokes, two apiece. We had corn and hamburgers along with some candy that Johnny brought.

Eleven of us went with Phil to climb Sugarloaf late at night, our light being that of a few flash-lights.

It was a trip to remember.

Debby Morey
Anne Morgan

CHAIN OF PONDS - TRIP SONG

A Potpourri of Melodies

Tune: "Fox Went Out"

Oh, Chain pf Ponds went out one day
With rabid animals in our way.
Elsa wanted rabies shots,
And we saw moose, lots and lots.

Tune: "Food, Glorious Food"

Rips, glorious rips, unintentional dips,
While we're in the mood,
Dehydrated food.
Just picture a powdered steak,
All you do is add water...
"It's unfriendly to your taste."

Tune: "Who Will Buy?"

Who will pull me out of this mud pot?
I am stuck right up to my knees.
All I thought while I was sinking was...
SINK THE DEHYDRATED FOOD!

Tune: "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

Oh, the girls of the tent are a-cryin' and a-sobbin'
Since they heard of the escape of three arch criminals,
Since they heard of the escape of three arch criminals.
They would not go in the woods at all
For they had heard a moose's call,
And there were the criminals, three in all.

Tune: "Consider Yourself at Home"

We considered ourselves way out
We considered ourselves part of the wilderness.
We know how to drive, so there!
For us, our tractor will get us there.
We've got to connect these wires.
Will somebody please hand me a battery?
We've got to have the (Beep Beep, Censor) pliers,
And at Eustis there is some food we can bear.

Tune: "I'd Do Anything"

We'd do anything to that lumber company, anything,
For they changed everything for us.
The logs were clogging up the stream
For miles and miles unseen,
For miles and miles unseen they lay,
As far as I can see - LOGS
As far as you can see - LOGS
As far as we can see - LOGS
Will there always be - obviously, so...

Tune: "Here We Sit Like Birds in the Wilderness"

There we sat like fools in the wilderness,
Fools in the wilderness,
Fools in the wilderness,
There we sat like fools in the wilderness,
Waiting for Phil to come.

Tune: "Where Is Love?"

Here comes Phil,
So that we can eat our fill.
He brought us steak,
Blueberries and cake... yummy, yum, yum,
D - U - H... Duh. In the tummy, tum, tum.

MEADOWBROOK

It was all a surprise...or anyhow it was supposed to be. We, Fourth Shack, were going on Meadowbrook, a Senior Trip. We packed out next morning in the midst of a Blue-White game. Soon it was time to leave. With a roar of the truck and a rattle of the canoes in their rack, we were off, never expecting what would come and not caring.

We arrived at Smithfield to find a rough lake and a long paddle to our campsite. When we got there, we were as hungry as bears...after a winter of sleeping. No matter how much wood we collected, the cry was, "Get more wood if you want to eat." Dinner was delicious but slightly sandy. The cake for dessert with chocolate frosting was a real treat, and after that meal we were ready to settle down to the business at hand - sleep!

Next morning we awoke to a foggy and drizzly day. We had breakfast and left as quickly as we had come. The lake was calm and the wind behind us, making for a rapid paddle across the lake. We hunted for the mouth of the stream, and after finding it, started

down among the reeds. After paddling for a while, we heard the front canoes shout, "There are rapids ahead!" It was almost like Chain of Ponds! When our group reached the spot, all we saw was a small dam. We got out of the canoes and carried them around the dam and back into the stream. The stream was full of obstructions, and before we had covered half the distance of the stream, it was decided among us that we should have brought poles instead of paddles.

At last the stream ended and the "Snake River" began. The river was rightly named. It wound in and out and in and out of the reeds. When we were nearing the end of the river, it started to drizzle, and by the time we reached the mouth, it had turned into a regular downpour. The lake was rough, and we decided to head for a Boy Scout camp on a nearby point. We couldn't make it around the point but we docked at a house on the end. The cottage was deserted, but too tired and wet to care, we went in and lit a fire in the fireplace. Phil came to the rescue and back we went in the truck to dry clothes and a warm dinner. Of our Meadowbrook Trip it can be said..."We came, we saw, we conquered!"

MEADOWBROOK TRIP SONG

Tune: "Praise Ye The Lord"

North Pond was really rough,
North Pond was really rough,
North Pond was really rough,
Waves, waves, waves.

Campsite was nice and sandy,
Campsite was nice and sandy,
Campsite was nice and sandy,
Sand, sand, sand.

Meadowbrook, rocks and stumps,
Meadowbrook, rocks and stumps,
Meadowbrook, rocks and stumps,
Logs, rocks and stumps.

Oh that stream, it was windy,
Oh that stream, it was windy,
Oh that stream, it was windy,
Wind, wind, wind.

Great Pond, wind and waves,
Great Pond, wind and waves,
Great Pond, wind and waves,
Wind, rain, waves.

Went in a house, got warm by the fire,
Went in a house, got warm by the fire,
Went in a house, got warm by the fire,
Warm, warm, warm.

Came home in the truck, in rain and wind,
Came home in the truck, in rain and wind,
Came home in the truck, in rain and wind,
Rain, hail, wind.

Meadowbrook Trip was full of adventure,
Meadowbrook Trip was full of adventure,
Meadowbrook Trip was full of adventure,
Fun, fun, fun.

CAMP RUNOIA

1. MOUNTING RACE - Lead your horse from one end of ring to the other and then mount your horse, take up your reins properly and ride back to starting line.
 Betsy Squire ---Penny
 Dorothy Wright ---Sonny
 Caren Euster ---Beau
 Lucy LaBonte ---Pep
 Lyn Talcott ---Day Dream
2. COSTUME RACE - Ride to opposite end of ring. Dismount and put on clothes in your bag. Mount and ride back to starting line.
 Jody Sataloff ---Sonny
 Sue Yates ---Pep
 Julie Thompson ---Beau
 Amy Davis ---Penny
 Cathy Morgan ---Day Dream
3. AGROBATIC RACE - Ride to opposite end of ring. Stop, turn around in your saddles both ways, click heels over Horse's neck and over Horse's rump, ride back to starting line.
 Patty Corscaden ---Penny
 Ginny Meyer ---Sonny
 Rachel Carley ---Day Dream
 Susie Sharp ---Beau
 Nancy Kendall ---Pep
4. OBSTACLE COURSE - Ride as directed by the course posted over by the gate. Each girl rides the course and is timed.
 Betsy Apple ---Sonny
 Pam Brodie ---Pep
 Bobbie London ---Pep
 Beth Hilton ---Day Dream
 Cathy Sharp ---Beau
 Ann Bristol ---Day Dream
 Georgia Meyer ---Penny
5. MUSICAL CHAIRS - Ride as directed on the track as our chorus group sings. When the singers stop, dismount and lead your horses to the nearest sack.

	<u>Singers</u>
Yum Runyon ---Day Dream	Betsy Squire
Mary Young ---Sonny	Cathy Morgan
Ellen Dalton ---Penny	Susie Riffeld
Nancy Nelson ---Pep	Marty Weiss
Liz Hamid ---Beau	Georgia Myer
6. SACK RACE - Ride to opposite end of ring. Dismount and hand horse to holder. Jump in your sack and hop to starting line.
 Cris Buckley ---Beau
 Susan Riffeld ---Day Dream
 Jean Mitchel ---Penny
 Tracy Buckley ---Pep
 Meg Rowell ---Sonny
7. POTATOE RACE - Ride up to opposite end of ring and take a potatoe and ride back and put potatoe in bucket. Continue until all potatoes are in bucket.
 Diane Ely ---Pep
 George Sollenberger ---Beau
 Ann McGreary ---Day Dream
 Debbie Campbell ---Sonny

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structor: June Campbell

Ring Master:
Genie Rodgers

Instructor & Announcer:
June Campbell

HORSE SHOW

Maine Horse Association Recognized Judge: Mrs. Gayle Davis, Monmouth, Me.

- 1) WALKING EQUITATION: Walk both ways of the ring, reverse, small circles. Judged on form and control at a walk. May be asked to trot.
 - 1 Rachael Carley Day Dream
 - 2 Patty Corscaden Sonny
 - 3 Tracy Buckley Beau
 - 4 Randy Pepper Pep
 - 5 Sandy Cobb Penny
- 2) Walk-TROT EQUITATION: Walk and trot both ways of the ring. May be asked to do figure 8's at a walk and trot, showing change of diagonals.
 - 6 Ellen Dalton Penny
 - 7 Amy Davis Beau
 - 8 Nancy Nelson Day Dream
 - 9 Irene Vernaglis Pep
 - 10 Debbie Campbell Sonny
- 3) MUSICAL CHAIRS: Ride as directed on the track. When Singers stop, dismount and lead your horse to nearest sack.
 - 11 Cris Buckley Pep
 - 12 Susan Fifield Day Dream
 - 13 Meg Rowel Sonny
 - 14 Caren Euster Beau
 - 15 Betsy Squire Penny
- 4) RELAY RACE: Each rider will ride to opposite end of ring twice and bring back a piece of your puzzle each time. When you have all the pieces the first team to complete their puzzle is the winner.
 - 16 { Ann McCreary Pep
 - { Meg Chalfont Pep
 - 17 { Georgia Sollenberger Beau
 - { Julie Thompson Beau
 - 18 { Lyn Talcott Penny
 - { Ellen Wolfson Penny
- 5) PAIR CLASS: Pairs will perform individually. Walk and Trot both ways of the ring. May be asked to change directions. Judged on ability to work and control your mounts as a pair. Similarity of horse not to count.
 - 19 Betsy Apple Pep
 - Beth Hilton Beau
 - 20 Bobbie London Sonny
 - Mary Young Day Dream
 - 21 Jean Mitchell Sonny
 - Sue Yates Penny
 - 22 Liz Hamid Day Dream
 - Diane Ely Sonny
 - 23 Cathy Morgan Day Dream
 - Jody Satsloff Beau

- 6) ADVANCED EQUITATION: Riders to be judged at a walk, trot and canter both ways of the ring. May be asked to do figure 8's at a trot showing change of diagonals and at a canter showing change of leads.

24	Debby Dennis	Day Dream
25	Cindy Lund	Penny
26	Sue Squire	Pep
27	Alice Williams	Beau
28	Linda Baker	Sonny

- 7) EXHIBITION DRILL TEAM:

Bebe Ramus	Day Dream
Carol Combes	Beau
Margo VanAllen	Pep
Martha Beals	Sonny
Carolyn Vorys	Penny

- 8) JUMPING: Judged on form and control. Enter ring and ride the course posted at the gate. May be taken at a trot or canter.

29 Martha Beals	24 Debby Dennis
30 Carol Combes	25 Cindy Lund
31 Bebe Ramus	26 Sue Squire
32 Margo Van Allen	27 Alice Williams
33 Carolyn Vorys	28 Linda Baker

- 9) Counselors Equitation class: Judged same as Advanced Equitation only may be asked to change horses.

34. Joanie Hutching	Sonny
35. Ruth Jacobi	Penny
36. Margie London	Beau
37. Genie Rodgers	Day Dream
38. Sheila Hickey	Pep

Jump Crew:

Betsy King
Katy Kennedy
Margi London
Debbie Hinckley
Janet Gladstein

Horse Holders:

Bobbie London
Linda Baker
Alice Williams
Betsy Apple
Martha Beals

COUNSELOR ANAGRAMS

Marjorie D. Carroll	Mainly Delights Children
Elizabeth N. Cobb	Employs Needy Counselors
Philip J. Cobb	Proposes Jobs Ceaselessly
Penelope W. Dalton	Puffs With Dignity
Nancy H. Fifield	Needles Hazardly Fly
Catherine F. Fuller	Car Fell Flat
Ann S. Greene	Adds Sarcasm Grandly
Joanne B. Hutchings	Juniors Behind Her
Ruth E. Jacobi	Regular Evening Jaunts
Marian R. Johnson	Makes Riotous Jokes
Esther B. Kinney	Efficiently Bandages Kids
Mary Anne Rhodes	Manages to Avoid Reveille
Eugenia M. Rogers	Enjoys Making Ruckus
Carla M. Sandberg	Cannot Maintain Sanity
Sharon L. Schrader	Seldom Loudly Sings
Doris A. Shellberg	Devises Artistic Surprises
Ann Thompson	Attracts Tots
Anne D. Updike	Accumulates Darlings' Underwear
Margaret S. Warren	Marvelous Slender Waistline
Lucy H. Weiser	Lends Her Wisdom

AIDE ANAGRAMS

Carolyn V. Apple

Can Vigorously Aim

Elizabeth A. Fuller

Every Antic Funny

Jane E. Master

Just Engulfs Mail

Susan B. Rosenblum

Stories Beloved Reads

Cynthia A. Stebbins

Can Always Sleep

FIRST SHACK ANAGRAMS

Janet S. Gladstein

Sandra B. Griffith

Deborah B. Hinckley

Katherine A. Kennedy

Betsey W. King

Marjorie A. London

Just Simply Gorgeous

Such a Big Girl

Devours Breakfast Heartily

Kooky As a Kid

Beastly When Kidded

Munches All Lunches

SECOND SHACK ANAGRAMS

Tracey A. Buckley

Tickled Always Blue

Debby A. Campbell

Dreams About Cantering

Sandra D. Cobb

Sits Down Cautiously

Patty A. Corscaden

Paddles Any Canoe

Ann Dalrymple

All Dimples

Nancy D. Kendall

Needs Diet Kola

Nancy C. Master

No Camper's Match

Susie S. Sharpe

Sleeps Singing Softly

Susie Williamson

Sweet and Willing

THIRD SHACK ANAGRAMS

Christine C. Buckley

Can Catch Beautifully

Rachel D. Carley

Regularly and Dutifully Chatters

Winifred V. Cleveland

Will Vanish Condiments

Amy M. Davis

Always Manages Deuces

Diane D. Ely

Dawdles Diligently each Evening

Caren K. Euster

Curls Kink Everywhere

Virginia Meyer

Very Merry

Cynthia P. Morgan

Can Play Mischievously

Margaret E. Rowell

Marvelous at Every Rally

Emile Runyon

Enjoys Riding

Georgia P. Sollenberger

Giggles Pretty Slyly

FOURTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Margaret H. Chalfant

Many Hilarious Cackles

Ellen S. Dalton

Ever So Dense

Jane B. Freidson

Just Being Freida

Elizabeth P. Hamid

Ended Pretty Hair

Lucie C. LaBonte

Little Cute Lady

Georgia Meyer

Generally Merry

Catherine M. Morgan

Can Maneuver Mischief

Nancy L. Nelson

Nice Little Nose

Randi E. Pepper

Repeats Every Point

Jody S. Sataloff

Just Somebody Sweet

Cathy Sharpe

Cute Sleeper

Rebecca J. Squire

Remarks are Just Superb

Julie R. Thompson

Jubilant, Ridiculous and Tactful

Deborah U. Trauth

Desires Universal Trip

Ellen B. Wolfson

Ever Being Wise

Martha Weiss

Miss Woodmont '70 ?

FIFTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Elizabeth L. Apple

Eats Lots Always

Sarah G. Chalfant

Sneakily Grabs Cookies

Carol K. Combes

Cleveland's King of Chomps

Jane T. de Burlo

Just Temporarily DeRanged

Deborah L. Dennis

Does Laps Delightfully

Barbara A. Fink

"Boys Are Fabulous"

Judith Ann Gladstein

Just Always Giddy

Cynthia B. Lund

Constantly Borrowing Lingerie

Grace B. Ramus

Goes By Rapidly

Susan B. Squire

Sings Bawdy Songs

Lynn K. Tolcott

Likes Keeping in Touch

Carolyn S. Vorys

Cute Sexy Voice

SIXTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Martha M. Beals

Merrily Makes Beds

Carolyn G. Bieber

Can Goof on Backsies

Ann W. Bristol

Always Wants a Book

Barbara Dalrymple

Bedtime Darling

Susan P. Fifield

Super Pickle Face

Beth L. Hilton

Belts Long Hits

Claire C. Maner

Can Catch Miraculously

Ann C. McCreary

Always Canoes Merrily

Jeanne C. Mitchell

Just Catches Mosquitoes

Tricia A. Rowell

Terrific At Reading

Dorothy Wright

Devoted White

B. Susan Yates

Beats Steady Yackers

Mary Ann Zeman

Mainly Adds Zest

SEVENTH SHACK ANAGRAMS

Linda A. Baker	Lingers At Bedtime
Pam S. Brodie	Pretty Silent Babe
Linda L. Gates	Loves Loving Guys
Barbara London	Beautiful Legs
Elsa W. Master	Eagerly Wishes Men
Deborah Morey	Different Make
Anne U. Morgan	Always Up to Mischief
Audrey W. Thompson	Always With Trouble
Margo I. VanAllen	Maneuvers In Vicious Atmospheres
Irene R. Vernaglia	Is of a Rare Variety
Alice M. Williams	Always Mortified of Work
Mary E. Young	Merry Every Year

KITCHEN ANAGRAMS

Dawna E. Brown

Diets Every Breakfast

Shelia M. Hickey

Smells Mighty Horsey

Sally A. Taylor

Satisfied At Talking

Connie M. Wilcox

Constantly Masters Walk-In

COUNSELOR STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Marjorie Carroll	Dee	for sleep	wind-blown	sweet things	broken stays	I got a letter from Honey.
Elizabeth Cobb	Betty	with her program list	for new ideas	clothes with names	telephone calls	How's the lake look today?
Philip Cobb	Phil	with his hammer	for a quiet moment	to have fun	broken water closets	What can I do for you?
Penelope Dalton	Penny	in a zoo	like a truck driver	to exaggerate	the death of the green bomb	Things are looking up!
Jennifer Eklund	Toosie	with her long hair	dramatic	being a counselor	bugs and bats	Well - it's this way.
Nancy Fifield	Nance	with her pills	healthy	being back at camp	bugs	Who stole my knitting book?
Catherine Fuller	"Shell-shocked"	wondering what will happen next	for the unexpected	having week-end callers	being un-coordinated	My lip is fine.
Ann Greene	the Green One	with her clashing plaids	like a Teddy bear	to beat up innocent squirrels	setting her hair	I have six volunteers!
Joanne Hutchings	Joannie	near the infirmary, fortunately	haggard but happy	her red hat	being a clod	I wanted to go so much.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Ruth Jacobi	Ruthie	in a tizzy	miniature	Pine Island among other things	being looked down upon	I'm getting so fat!
Marian Johnson	Johnny	at her desk	like the outdoor type	organization	stupid questions	What do you mean - cold?
Esther Kinney	Esther	with pills, bottles, and prescriptions	for the cure	Brunswick	stubbed toes	It doesn't look too serious.
Mary Anne Rhodes	Gerbie	warmly	embarrassed at flag raising	sunny trips	night noises	I have a new song today.
Eugenia Rogers	Genie	with a horsey smell	skin tight	trips	unlatched stalls	They thought I was a camper.
Carla Sandberg	Carla	on the waterfront	for a trailer	drums and bugles	gum	Horsie, horsie.
Sharon Schrader	Shredder	with her nose clips	old and weary	Margy's clothes	her grey, frizzy hair	All right, you guys. I'll count to five.
Doris Shellberg	Shelly	patiently	for crafty ideas	packages of goodies	people in bare feet	What colors do you want?
Ann Thompson	Ann	after taps	for her contacts	Kennebeck and Au H2O	straight hair	Have you seen Pam?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
June Campbell	June	with Bonnie and Debby	efficient	horses	not much	Heels down!
Andy Updike	Andy	and tolerates	very blond and patient	having a private suite	not bouncing	Boop - boop-de - doop.
Margy Warren	"Flex"	with her red nose	bleached	to be tan	dirt and spiders	I've got to get up at 5:30 and roll the courts
Lucy Weiser	Miss Weiser	in her house on the hill	nice	enthusiastic campers	winter weather	I'm so glad to see you

KITCHEN STAFF

Sally Taylor	Sal	to break her diet	jolly	to watch agonized campers waiting for the bell	bathing suits to the walk-in.	Let's adjourn to the walk-in.
Dawna Brown	Donno	to be slender	sarcastic	to analyze people	low flying planes	Did you have a happy childhood?
Sheila Hickey	Sheila	in the rafters	for "Mad" each month	riding	supervised skinny dips	Don't look at me. I didn't do it!
Connie Wilcox	Lamb Chop	in bed	like puffed wheat	hoarding	non-Puffed Wheat eaters	Be realistic.
Mrs. Foss	Mrs. Foss	to make campers fat and happy	too slender to be a cook	to break people's diets	campers asking "What's for dessert?"	Now, you girls.

AIDES STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Carolyn Apple	Carolyn	on the rifle range	flustered	letters from Paul	jumping from the top bunk	Oh, well!
Elizabeth Fuller	Betsy	dangerously	like a sweater girl	to play cards with Gerbie	her 11 P.M. curfew	Hey, Gerb!
Jane Master	Janie M.	neatly	cool and calm	male mail	dirt	That's neat.
Susan Rosenblum	Sue	the moment the bell rings	enthusiastic	to kiss the people who Fourth Shackers don't goodnight	hand in Log articles	Have you written my article yet?
Cynthia Stebbins	Cyndar	in rollers	unenthusiastic	the Island	diets	Is the coffee ready?

FIRST SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Janet Gladstein	Janet	obviously	like a troll	ringing the bell	being the pig	So it's your birthday - EH?!
Sandra Griffith	Sandy	in the pix	like Mac	teasing people	getting out of bed	Now take your <u>***</u>
Deborah Hinckley	Debbie	in the upper down atmosphere		baritones	being called Finckley	I do not have a high voice!
Katherine Kennedy	Katie	to pass SLS	wide awake	not having to sail	straight	Look at my flip!
Betsey King	Bitsey	with her first aid supplies	for the B's	being the pig	people pulling tabs off the back of her shirts	Flub it all!
Marjorie London	Margie	at the stables	through her contacts	red knee socks	putting in her contacts	Oh, Gad!

SECOND SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Tracey Buckley	Tracey	with her sister	lively	to be noisy	to be quiet	Chris!
Debby Campbell	Deb	with horses	mischievous	riding	archery	Pam, let her have some!
Sandra Cobb	Sandy	with Pam	like she has a burn on her nose	to sit on Winnie's bed	second hall	Okay!
Patty Corscaden	Patty	on the tennis courts	like a pixie	to play jacks	clothesline	It's your turn to sweep the room!
Ann Dalrymple	Ann	in the infirmary	bright as a star	to play jacks rest hour by herself		Puleez!
Nancy Kendall	Nancy	in the craft shop	small	candy	to make her bed	Andy, you'd better make my bed.
Nancy Master	Nancy	in bed	like a mermaid	her animals	not to eat	Hurry up. The first bell rang
Susan Sharpe	Stupid	with Patty	sleepy	the New York Yankees	the Red Sox	That's not so!
Susan Williamson	Susie	with Sandy	happy	Debby Hinckley	canoeing	Oh, brother!

THIRD SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Christine Buckley	Chris	in Shack Three	like a beaver	her sister	second hall	Tracey!
Rachel Carley	Rachie	for talking	divine	to day dream	sweeping the trunk room	But Genie!
Winifred Cleveland	Winnie	for the Red Sox and Dick Stewart	out of this world	mustard sandwiches	hard work	Oh dear me!
Amy Davis	Amy	for boys	cute	the Whites	her hair	Gosh!
Diane Ely	Diane	for food	hungry	Sonny	being cold	I'm last in bed.
Caren Euster	Caren	for ballet	graceful	dancing	not finding her jack ball	Who used my jack ball?
Virginia Meyer	Ginny	mildly	prepared	Miss Fine's	hardly anything	I'll make your bed for you.
Cynthia Morgan	Cici	like a blonde	uneasy	Caren	being called Cynthia	You do it first
Margaret Rowell	Meg	cleanly	lively	getting checks	mean people	Well...

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Emiley Runyon	Yum	for her flute	cool	to play her flute	all sorts of things	Oh Deary!
Georgia Sollenberger	Georgia	in Florida	different with her short hair	changing her bed	fish	Look!

FOURTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Marget Chalfant	Meg	with Andy Muggins	like a shaggy dog	Andie	inspection	Goodness, gracious!
Ellen Dalton	Dalton	for her team	like a poacher	Agnatha	staying in bed late	You Guys!
Jane Freidson	Freida	quietly	older than she is	a good game of jacks	spinach	Call me Freida.
Elizabeth Hamid	Lizzy	for her long hair	mischievous	being bad	wearing dresses	Oh, come on!
Lucie LaBonte	Lucie	in curlers	like an actress	movies	a scolding	It's a Harriet!
Georgia Meyer	George	to talk	like Buster Brown	Jeromie	spankings	Good gosh!
Catherine Morgan	Morgan	with imagination	like a debutante	a good joke	a serious person	Wait a minute.
Nancy Nelson	Nelson	with Elmer	like Baby Bear	stuffed animals	being called fat	Kiss Chocolate goodnight.
Randi Pepper	Randi	with her jacks	for a jack opponent	to laugh	wearing braces	Can I borrow..?

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Jody Sataloff	Jody	for the Blues	like Orphan Annie	boys, namely John	unenthusiastic Blues	In all seriousity..
Catherine Sharpe	Cathy	on her bed	like Porky Pig	to play jacks	to get up	Oh, no!
Rebecca Squire	Betsy	to eat	like Miss America (huh)	to talk and knit	her sister teasing her	Guess who's hungry?
Julie Thompson	Julie	for a larger vocabulary	particular	big words and old shoes	belly flops	You are antediluvian!
Deborah Trauth	Debbie	with the Wild Goose	for coke caps	David's letters	frankfurters	Hey, come here!
Ellen Wolfson	Ellen	with Meg	like a Beatle	blue jean shorts	being away from her radio	Hey, what happened?
Martha Weiss	Marty	in her red checked blouse	pretty	sports	writing letters	I won't take a skinny dip!

FIFTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Elizabeth Apple	Betsy	for giggling	like the Madonna	two-pieces	doing right pix	Oh, crumb!
Sally Chalfant	Chalfant	in her hot pink night cap	out for counselors	getting in people's beds	peaceful nights	Wait up, Morg!
Carol Combes	Peanuts	for JJ, Chip, Andy, George, etc...	muscular	motorcycles and tight pants	her mildewed two-piece	Chomp!
Jane deBurlo	Janie	with the Apple	effervescent	Ted!	My Favorite Martian	Oh, come on, you guys!
Deborah Dennis	Debbie	in her hush puppies	for Mrs. Campbell	jumping four feet	being called Deborah	Well, I'm the only one who understands Daydream.
Barbara Fink	B.A. Fink	drolly	like Nancy Fifiield (at times)	playing 1st base	turning her flashlight off after taps	Bebe said she'd do my job.
Judith Gladstein	Gladstein	for Steve the Third	like an Indian	her pink flannelette	governesses	And furthermore
Cynthia Lund	Cindy	in other people's clothes	for a safety pin	compliments	being neat	Well, it wasn't my fault.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Grace Ramus	Bebe	cheerfully	skinny	catching pop flies	making mistakes	It's cute!
Susan Squire	Squish	for her pickle	pathetic	cutting up Penny	people sleeping in her bed	Ruthie, let me see your pot.
Lynn Tolcott	Chubs	in fear of the Life Saving Practical	for letters from Giles	being lazy	her purple tank suit	Are you kidding? Of course I haven't written a song for the Shack!
Carolyn Vorys	Carolyn	in constant insanity	healthy, and how!	Saco Trips (in more ways than one!)	to play jacks with Carolyn Bieber	Scoot over!

SIXTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Martha Beals	Martha	on horses	like a J.L.S.	reading	not much	Well, gee.
Caroline Bieber	Caroline	for jacks	for comics	Barbara	her own bathing suits	Let's play jacks.
Ann Bristol	Ann	with Pam	neat	nose plugs	loud noises	Let's play mad lebs.
Barbara Dalrymple	Barb	on Fifth Shack's porch	cute	her sister	"pied" beds	Has everyone swept their room?
Susan Fifield	F1	with Beth	like Nancy Jr.	to giggle	to get up before second bell	Hey, you know.
Elizabeth Hilton	Beth	writing letters	cute in a pony tail	green sweat pants	Stanley Stone	Oh, that's funny.
Claire Maner	Candy or Manard	for swimming	southern	sports	second hall	'Cause why?
Ann McCreary	Ann	with a bow in her hand	for Jeanne	to comb her hair	cold lake water	Jeanne, we'd better work on our Humpty Dumpties.
Jeanne Mitchell	Jeanne	in short blouses	tiny	to pass swimming tests	baggy shorts	Guess what? I passed two swimming tests today!

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Patricia Rowell	Trish	with comics	like Linda	reading	cold weather	Hey, you guys.
Dorothy Wright	Dotty	with a water pistol	like a trouble maker	the Whites	goody-goodies	Hey, I know what we can do.
Susan Yates	Tex	to go riding	like Baby Huey	to stay in bed in the morning	dishes	Come on, you guys.
Mary Ann Zeman	Smaz	in two-pieces	like her brothers	to get into trouble	boring people	Will you curl my hair?

SEVENTH SHACK STATISTICS

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Linda Baker	Master-mind	in trouble	like an innocent cherub	incense	getting under the covers at night	Look, you guys.
Pam Brodie	Pam	silently	shy	to read	noise	Oh, no!
Linda Gates	Gates	for boys	revealing	her pigtaails	Jeff	Come on, you Blues!
Barbara London	Bobbie	in her tank suit	like a rag doll	swimming laps	her red nose	You can borrow them if you ask.
Elsa Master	Els	in the pix	constipated	to sleep in the morning	to blush	Come again.
Deborah Morey	Morey	in the infirmary	for Esther	food	bug spray	Charge!
Ann Morgan	Morg	to have fun	clumsy and retarded	to find out everything about everything that goes on	snakes	O.K. Baker. Where did you put them?
Margo VanAllen	Oega	doing rain dances	like a pioneer	work	Pine Island	I hate boys!
Irene Vernaglia	<u>Ver-naglia</u>	recklessly	different	inspecting counselors rooms	swimming class	Look - I'll get in <u>bad</u> trouble.

<u>Listed As</u>	<u>Labeled</u>	<u>Lives</u>	<u>Looks</u>	<u>Likes</u>	<u>Loathes</u>	<u>Lines</u>
Audrey Thompson	Aud	in Maine	like a spastic penguin	"screaming bugs"	to shave her legs	The thing of it is...
Connie Warren	Con	with Jasper	determined	Joanne	plunge dives	Hey, Morg...
Alice Williams	Alice	on a slalom ski	like a little old fashioned lady	her sail- fish	work	Don't step on my bed.
Mary Young	Young	for Willy White	like a secretary	riding	inverted breast stroke	There will be a White Team meeting in the Lodge.





COUNSELORS



AIDES



C.I.T.S



SECOND SHACK



THIRD SHACK



FOURTH SHACK



FIFTH SHACK



SIXTH SHACK



SEVENTH SHACK



KITCHEN STAFF

COUNSELORS

Philip Cobb

Phil is the handyman here.
On trips he carries the gear.
He's a plumber, a mower,
We wish he'd go slower,
For he's getting too thin, we fear.

• NOV • 64



Betty Cobb

Betty's table is usually slow.
She's strict on manners, you know.
At her desk she does write
From morning to night;
You'll always find her on the go.

Miss Weiser

Though we haven't seen her much this year
To our hearts Miss Weiser is dear.
To all she's a friend
And to her we send
Our thanks for a good summer here.

NOV • 64



Doris Shellberg

Our Shelley lives up on the hill.
Her art work sure gives us a thrill.
The looms she will thread
Though the thought she does dread.
Your orders she'll patiently fill.

Marian Johnson

At her desk our Johnny does sit,
And all the supplies she does get.
At joking she's clever,
And late she is never,
And tennis balls she likes to hit.



Ann Greene

The C.I.T.s are Greenie's group.
On everything she has the scoop.
Her papers she loves,
And the puzzles she does.
At flag raising her eyes do droop.

Mary Ann Rhodes

The bugle is Gerbie's pain.
At flag raising she surely does strain.
She's covered with bites,
And a sunburn she fights.
Her energy never does drain.



Jenifer Eklund

We hated to see Toosie leave.
In our hearts we really did grieve.
An actor so rare,
And oh, what long hair,
And reveille was her pet peeve.



Carla Sandberg

Of drums and bugles Carla dreams.
"Stop ridiculing," she screams.
She drives the blue boat
'Round and 'round the big float,
And letters she writes by the reams.



June Campbell

Our June, she surely can ride.
Her talent is known far and wide.
Her children she'll bring
When she comes to the ring.
'Round the ring the beginners she'll guide.



Cathy Fuller

Poor Cathy, she lost her new car
Before it had gone very far.
She helps with the sailing
While the motorboat she's bailing.
We all think she's way above par.

Ruth Jacobi

With Penny our Ruthi is found,
And she doesn't stand high off the ground.
Pine Island she'll date
She really must rate.
With a head of black hair she is crowned.



Margaret Warren

Each Sunday behind the piano Margy sings,
Though Gerbie's pounding in her ear rings.
Life Saving she taught
Struggling victims she sought,
And her tennis rack she agilely swings.

Anne Updike

We have a new counselor named Andy.
We think that she's really a dandy.
She's ever so arty;
She's the life of the party;
With peroxide she seems to be handy.



Nancy Fifield

In 2nd Shack she did begin,
But to 4th Shack Nance had to move in.
She can teach any class
She's a versatile lass,
And many new friends she will win.

Dee Carroll

In 2nd Shack she does reside.
In the motorboat you'll see her ride.
From Princeton she came,
And Dee is her name.
Her figure is tiny, not wide.

Sharon Schrader

From Michigan Sharon came,
And she likes to play any game.
In her sweatshirt of green
She looks anything but lean,
And "Shredder" has become her nickname.



Penny Dalton

Penny always has hair in her eyes.
"The sailboats need fixing," she cries.
A mouse on the floor
Will cause her to roar,
And the stays on the Cob-Web she ties.

Joanne Hutchings

Canoeing is Joannie's delight.
For her your strokes must be just right.
With her hat of bright red
She covers her head;
And with a hot iron she will fight.

NOV • 64



Genie Rogers

Up to the stable she goes
In the morning when reveille blows.
With colors so bright
Genie's really a sight.
She tries to smell sweet as a rose.

Esther Kinney

From Brunswick nurse Esther does hail.
She'll tell you if you're looking pale.
A bandaid she'll give
In hopes that you'll live.
See her after meals if you ail.

Pam Cobb and Bonnie Campbell

With hair that is shiny as golden hay,
Pam and Bonnie together do play.
They pick berries of blue
And love to canoe.
They keep themselves happy all day.



The Kitchen Staff

Pam Cobb

Ann Thompson

Mrs. Foss

With a smile and a "Hi" is Mrs. Foss,
Making desserts and marshmallow sauce.
She's quite a magician
In Runoia's kitchen.
Phil is her only boss.

Dawna Brown

"How was your childhood?" she broods
While sampling the various foods.
That's Dawna Brown,
The Camp kitchen clown,
Keeping us all in good moods.

Sheila Hickey

Sheila, this girl from Cony,
Likes to ride on the pony.
While in the rafters
She's full of laughter.
She likes to cook macaroni.

Sally Taylor

In the kitchen we have our fair Sal.
With dishes she's got the know-how.
She's always on diets,
Starts cereal riots.
She's Runoia's all-around pal.

Connie Wilcox

In the kitchen she's really a scream.
What an expert she is at whipped cream.
Connie loves "Seventeen."
She's ooo neatsy-keen.
She's on the kitchen team.

AIDES

Carolyn Apple

She writes letters as long as a mile.
On her face is always a smile.
Guns and rapids she'll shoot;
She dresses quite cute.
Carolyn Apple's an Aide with some style.



Cynthia Stebbins

From Rochester comes this new Aide.
Curling her hair is her nightly trade.
She lives to be tan.
Of books she's a fan.
The ice box she often will raid.

Jane Master

Our Janie M. hauls in the mail.
She can shoot rifles or hoist up a sail.
She keeps on her feet.
Her life's always neat.
She loves camping on the wilderness trail.

Betsy Fuller

An Aide she finally became,
But our Betsy is still quite the same.
Life Savers she taught,
Poison Ivy she caught.
Want to play tennis? This gal is fair game!



Sue Rosenblum

The head of the Log is Sue.
She writes our Newsletters too.
Fourth Shack's just right.
Paddling's her delight.
Anything for tennis she'll do.

CITs

COMMONS SEN COM LEM

PRINTED

BOND

Janet Gladstein

At eating this girl does quite well.
Her singing, though, isn't too swell.
At diving, "Oh gee,"
"Please, Greenie, help me!"
Our Janet's a little bomb shell.



Betsy King

Now Betsy's vocab is just great.
She learns it at quite a fast rate.
Now "Spencer's" her call
As is also "ya'll."
To meals she never is late.

Margie London

Dear Margie we never would sell,
When at swimming she always propels.
Her guitar she does strum,
While at meals fills her tum.
Her talents take hours to tell.



Katie Kennedy

From Princeton our Katie does come,
And she's actually great loads of fun.
Now at tennis, ya'll,
Boy, can she hit the ball.
At meals she eats nearly a ton.

Sandy Griffith

At night our Sandy's no bore.
She's glad to entertain with a snore.
At pronouncing she's tops,
Though she stumbles in spots.
It is true that this girl we adore.



Debbie Hinckley

Debbie Hinckley's a pretty young blonde.
Of eating I must say she's fond.
She stands straight and tall,
Towering over us all.
Her voice, it is not very grande!

SECOND SHACK

Debby Campbell

Ponies and horses she loves.
Her hair is as blonde as a dove.
Debby makes noise,
Shows us new-fangled toys.
Runoia she can't have enough of.



Susan Williamson

Susie Williamson came for a week
Just to stay and have a small peek.
She loved Camp Runoia.
We all adored her.
Next year she'll come back by blue streak.

Tracey Buckley

Tracey's two front teeth are missing.
For new ones she surely is wishing.
Her "beginners" she passed;
Oh my, what a lass.
At kickball she's quite a magician.

Ann Dalrymple

Of her home in South Lincoln she'll tell.
She's learned to play jacks very well.
Ann has a dimple,
She's really quite nimble.
She runs in kickball pell-mell.



Sandy Cobb

In Shack Two we have our blonde Sandy.
On horses she's really a dandy.
Her build is not bold,
But her heart's good as gold.
With jacks and a ball she is handy.

Nancy Kendall

Nancy was Wee Willie Winkle.
Her eyes how they sparkle and twinkle.
On horses she's fast;
She loved arts and crafts.
With the fish of Great Pond she did mingle.



Nancy Master

With her eyes smiled up in half moons,
And scratching her throat to new tunes,
It's our Nancy Master.
There's nobody faster.
She giggles along with the loons.

Susan Sharpe

Susie has plenty of gumption,
And that isn't any assumption.
A true camper, she,
On all trips, we agree.
On a horse, in canoes, she could function.



Patty Corscaden

Patty dances and sings to us all.
She can fancy and catch the jack ball.
A good loyal Blue,
She fights through and through.
She answers Runoia's fair call.

THIRD SHACK

Diane Ely

Diane rooms with two in Shack Three.
On horseback she's good as can be,
To bed she is slow,
But one thing we know,
A loyal White Team girl is she.



Christine Buckley

Back to Runoia came Chris;
Along with her came little sis.
It's third base she plays.
The Blues get her praise.
With Christy there's nothing amiss.

Virginia Meyer

A popular girl in Third Shack.
We hope that to camp she'll come back.
She's friendly and sweet,
The Blues think she's neat.
For spirit she never does lack.



Margaret Rowell

Meg came to Runoia this year.
Of camp from her sister did hear.
Her swimming is great,
In canoes she's first rate.
To the Blue team she's always sincere.

Georgia Sollenberger

Georgia is quite a live wire.
Of talking she never does tire.
She's crazy about crafts,
And so full of laughs.
Her spirit will never expire.



Cynthia Morgan

Now Cici's a bright Third Shack blonde.
Of her we are naturally fond.
She's a Morgan, 'tis true,
And a Blue through and through.
Her headbands she always does don.

Emily Runyan

Our Yum is a sweet quiet gal,
And Amy was her special pal.
A camper first rate,
At riding she's great.
Those ponies she sure could corral.



Amy Davis

Now Amy's a White through and through.
There's hardly a thing she can't do.
In canoes and on courts,
She's good at these sports.
She's sweet and good-natured, 'tis true.

Winifred Cleveland

Our Winnie is proud as can be
As a member of Shack number Three.
A champion at jacks,
The White Team she backs.
Her favorite remark, "Oh, dear me!"



Tracey Buckley (see Second Shack)

Rachel Carley

Rachi is known to us all
By the loud piercing tones of her call.
Don't go by her size,
It's the gleam in her eyes.
In Third Shack she peers over walls.



Caren Euster

Caren has won quite a name
'Cause chess is her favorite game.
She reads lots of books,
But what adds to her looks
Is that hair that's the color of flame.

FOURTH SHACK

Georgia Meyer

Our Georgie was full of fun.
At reveille the day had just begun.
She'd jump out of bed,
And to the lake she sped
To be Carla's only chum.



Catherine Sharpe

For one month our Cathy was here.
We thought that she was quite a dear.
At jacks she was handy
And liked lots of candy.
We hope she'll be with us next year.

Deborah Trauth

Our Debbie has analyzed the shack.
With all her friends she does hack.
Her teeth are all loose.
She loves Wild Goose.
We hope that she will soon come back.



Jane Friedson

From Leonia hails our Jane.
Like her pal, she collects coke-caps
in Maine.
The books she will read,
Discussions she'll lead,
And at nothing will ever complain.

Julie Thompson

Julie's big toe causes her pain.
She left her sleeping bag out in the rain.
As neat as can be,
A great swimmer is she.
Many points for her team she will gain.



Liz Hamid

Little Lizzy is full of life.
She works without struggle or strife.
A devoted White is she,
From the counselors she'll flee,
Especially from Gerbie and Fife.

Rebecca Squire

A loud voice has our Miss Squire,
Especially when it's time to retire.
As a Blue she does rate,
Though Poison Ivy's her fate.
You'll often see her under the hair dryer.



Lucie LaBonte

Our Lucy will always have fun,
Though she keeps us fast on the run.
Her freckles are many.
She's bright as a penny.
She gets a red nose in the sun.

Ellen Dalton

When Ellen came back this year,
We all greeted her with a cheer.
As a Junior White leader,
You'd never beat her.
She sleeps with dear Agatha near.



Jody Sataloff

As leader of the Junior Team Blues,
Our Miss Jody sure hates to lose.
With her smile so bonnie,
She thinks about Jonnie.
She's a real worker we'd always choose.

Martha Weiss

Because just one month she did stay,
We were sad when she went away.
A great swimmer was Marty,
The life of the party.
She was lots of fun, we would say.



Catherine Morgan

The big S club our Cathy created.
In Fourth Shack she's really top rated.
At assembly one mornin'
She had us all roarin'
When Lebanese she imitated.

Nancy Nelson

When talking Nance often does squeal,
But her little high voice is quite real.
When tickled she giggles,
Her nose often wiggles.
She thinks that P.I.'s a big deal.



Ellen Wolfson

A real book worm is our Ellen.
All around the shack she's a-yellin'.
A real pixie is she,
Always jumping with glee.
Stories she's always a-tellin'.

Marget Chalfant

Our Miss Chalfant is from Penn.
She likes to sleep until ten.
She loves to play
At jacks all day.
We hope she'll be back again.



Randy Pepper

Pepper describes our Randy.
At jacks she really is dandy.
Her elastics go in
At night midst the din.
She hates being deprived of candy!

FIFTH SHACK

[COLLAPSED COLUMN]

UNCLASSIFIED
1974

Betsy Apple

In Fifth Shack resides Betsy A.
For the Whites she does cheer and play.
We call Betsy, "Smiley,"
'Cause she's ever so wiley,
And never stops laughing all day.



Debbie Dennis

Blondie is our Debbie Dennis.
To counselors she's always a menace.
So strong in a canoe,
Great in swimming class too,
And we know she will always befriend us.

Lynn Tolcott

Lynn's part of our Stamford crew
With Squish and the rest that she knew.
Now she's part of us all,
And on trips has a ball.
To the Whites she is loyal and true.



Susan Squire

There once was a young girl named Squish,
Who thought herself quite a dish.
Tried a topless suit,
In Boothbay, to boot!
But left it there at Penny's wish.

Carol Combes

Carol's our blonde Femme Fatale.
She's also a pretty great pal.
Her pants are too tight,
Oh, what a sight!
At eating, unsurpassed is our gal.



Sally Chalfant

No one but our Sally would dare,
But it all comes from having red hair.
She lives in Shack Five,
Keeps trouble alive.
Of her we must always beware.

Cynthia Lund

Cindy is not very neat,
But her humor is quite a rare treat.
At saving lives, handy,
At sailing, a dandy,
And boy, you should see this girl eat!

Jane DeBurlo

A cutie is our Jane De B.
At home on the land or the sea.
She calls herself Missy,
But never a sissy
Runoia is her cup of tea.



Martha Beals

If ever you hear lots of squeals,
The giggles must come from Miss Beals.
She moved from next door,
As a White she does score,
And she rarely stops talking through meals

Carolyn Vorys

Carolyn's back here to stay.
So loudly she giggles all day.
And all through the night
She gives us a fright
With noises and talking and play.



Barbara Fink

Her Lifesaving Barbie just passed.
She'll do anything that she is asked.
She fights for the Blues
And works hard not to lose,
Plays constantly with her cards and her jacks.

Grace Ramus

Although for just one month she's here,
To our shack she's brought lots of cheer.
Bebe's her name,
From Princeton she came
In her red two-piece suit she'll appear.

Judy Gladstein

Oh, "chomp" went our Judy G.
In her pink flannelette nighty.
She lived with Carol
And took her apparel,
But only one month stayed she.

SIXTH SHACK

Susan Fifield

Our Susie is quite a fun girl.
To anything she'll give a whirl.
With Beth all the day
She does giggle and play,
And wishes that her hair would curl.



Beth Hilton

Letters our Beth likes to write.
Her hair is always just right.
Her roommate is Sue,
Boy, what a crew,
Never quiet is she at night.

Barbara Dalrymple

Here's Barbara with the big blue eyes.
In Sixth Shack she's ever so wise.
She took to the water,
A true Runoia daughter.
Jack games she'll always devise.



Caroline Bieber

Caroline lives in shack number six.
To sailing she never says nix.
She loves to swim
With vigor and vim,
And jacks games she always does fix.

Jeanne Mitchell

A cute little tyke is this gal.
Jeanne is everyone's pal.
With accidents many,
She's still good as any.
A typical all-around gal.



Ann McCreary

A friend of Jeannie's is Ann.
She's good on the sea or the land.
With her sweatshirt from home
From whence she did roam,
We give her a well-deserved hand.

Claire Maner

Our Candy from the South has come.
In the water she never gets numb.
She swims like a fish,
Eats every dish,
And keeps our fair shack in a hum.



Mary Ann Zeman

On trips Mary Ann is so handy.
At softball she has been just dandy.
Her whipkick needs work,
But she'll never shirk
When she tries to sing, "Oh Mandy."

Sue Yates

From Bronxville came our cute Sue Yates.
There's nobody here that she hates.
A friend of us all,
At camp has a ball.
With everyone here she sure rates.



Tricia Rowell

This girl's whole name is Trish Rowell,
And often she'll make you just howl.
To the Blues she adds vim,
Just watch her swim,
And from her you'll get nary a growl.

Ann Bristol

A cousin of Pam Brodie is Ann,
But after one month they both ran.
She loved to sail
And swam without fail.
To come back we hope is her plan.



Dorothy Wright

Our Dorothy had hair so red
And mischievous plans in her head.
But unfortunately
Only one month stayed she,
But sent us a package, or so it is said.

BOND
U.S.A.
ELIZABETH
COTTON FIBER CONTENT

SEVENTH SHACK

Elsa Master

Whenever there's a story to hear,
Our Elsa will be very near.
And everyone said
That she broke the head,
But really we think she's a dear.



Mary Young

A great gal is our Mary Young.
She sings every song to be sung.
Her Willie she'll cheer.
She's glad to be here.
On the ladder she sure is top rung.

Audrey Thompson

Audrey is always Gung-Ho.
With spirit she's right on the go.
She loves to sail,
And even to bail.
She'd much rather ski in the snow.



Alice Williams

Allie moved here from Five,
And makes night listening alive.
She fights for the Blues,
And won't ever lose.
She'll always place with a dive.

Deborah Morey

Our Debbie has tons of hurts,
But they come and go in spurts.
Her strokes are so strong,
She'll never go wrong.
Her scissors she never inverts.



Irene Vernaglia

A restless one is Irene.
In Boston she's teen queen.
Fresh as can be,
A reformer is she,
And in her you'll never find mean.

Pam Brodie

Pam Brodie was a true friend.
Her services always did lend.
She left halfway through,
We all felt so blue.
Her fortune will surely ne'er end.



Barbara London

For fitness Bobbie swims every mile.
Every stroke is done with a smile.
She seems so quiet,
But what a riot,
And she laughs all the while with style.

Margo VanAllen

When Margo is 'round never fear,
She'll brighten your spirits with cheer,
And mountains she'll climb
In hardly no time.
On Sugarloaf, the chief pioneer.



Linda Gates

At Runoia there's one girl who rates.
It could only be Linda Gates.
The Blues are led
With Linda as head.
At Pine Island she looks for her mates.

Linda Baker

Linda with her long hair.
To cut it she wouldn't dare.
Tons of excuses
For various uses,
The counselors must always beware.



Ann Morgan

Our Ann is sure full of zest,
And constantly she must jest.
Pastel are the colors
Of all of her unders.
In swimming she comes out the best.

Connie Warren

Like Jasper she's similar in looks.
At rest hour she's with her French books.
She worked at her plunge dive,
And each day she'd strive.
On trips she's not one who cooks.

PAST CAMPERS
AND
SOCIAL NOTES



Sally Lester Lappe



Susan Gurganus



Ginger Dessar Crittenden



"Ditto" Hamilton Hobbs

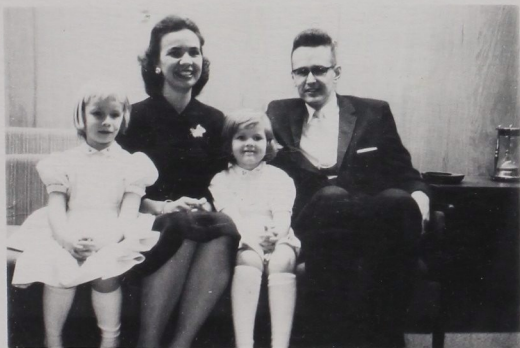
Happy Holidays



*Barbie and Mal
Lanta, Bill, Danny*

Barbara Warren Reed

HOLIDAY GREETINGS from our house to yours



TED, KATHY, MIMI
& CINDY ROOK

Catherine Anderson Rook



Mary Bauman Gates

BEST HOLIDAY WISHES *from Our House to Yours*



*Frank Cepeli Debbie Dan
Claire & John*

Claire Rothenberg Grossman

1963

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1

Deborah Janney Is Attended by 3 At Her Wedding

Married in Stamford to
Daniel L. O'Keefe of
The Reader's Digest

Special to The New York Times

STAMFORD, Conn., Oct. 12

—The marriage of Miss Deborah Anne Janney to Daniel Lawrence O'Keefe took place here this afternoon.

The Rev. Edward Mills performed the ceremony at St. Francis Protestant Episcopal Church.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Laurence A. Janney of White Plains, N. Y., and the late Mr. Janney. Her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. O'Keefe of Asbury Park, N. J.

The bride wore a gown of ivory peau de soie with heirloom rose point and duchesse lace at the bodice. The same lace edged her fingertip mantilla of silk tulle.

Mrs. Robert Markham Ball was her sister's matron of honor. Miss Constance Adams Lewis and Mrs. Richard I. Stillinger were bridesmaids. Charles W. Slack was best man.

Mrs. O'Keefe is a graduate of the George School and Smith College, where she received her degree magna cum laude. She earned a master's degree at Cornell and was an assistant editor in The Reader's Digest Education Department. Her mother is executive director of the Adoption Service of Westchester.

The bridegroom, an alumnus of Columbia College and member of Phi Beta Kappa, also studied at Oxford University on a Rotary International Foundation fellowship. He is an associate editor of The Reader's Digest.



Engagement Is Announced



(Harry Carlson)

Miss Katherine Edward Nichols

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD WILLIS NICHOLS JR. of this city announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine Edwards, to Ens. Christopher Morse Wiedenmayer, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave E. Wiedenmayer of South Orange, N. J.

Miss Nichols is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Willis Nichols of Cincinnati and the late Dr. and Mrs. Ogden M. Edwards of Pittsburgh. She attended the Lotspeich and Hillsdale schools and was graduated from The Masters School in

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and from Bradford Junior College. She made her debut during the 1959 season.

Ensign Wiedenmayer is a grandson of Mrs. Joseph E. Wiedenmayer of East Orange and the late Mr. Wiedenmayer, and the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cary Morse of Radnor, Pa. He is a graduate of Choate School and of Dartmouth College where he was a member of Psi Upsilon, and Dragon, honorary senior society. He is a member of Orange Lawn Tennis Club and the Forest Road Raiders.

June 13, 1964
Married Friday

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Biechler announce the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Barbara Leader, to Dr. John William Worrel. The wedding took place Friday afternoon. Mrs. Worrel is associate supervisor of health and physical education in the Cincinnati Public Schools. Dr. Worrell is supervisor of music in the Cincinnati Public Schools. They will reside in Kennedy Heights.

Cincinnati Enquirer

Monday, April 6, 1964

Engagement Is Announced



Miss Julie Provost Nugent

MR. AND MRS. JULIAN LAKE NUGENT JR. of Washington, D. C., announce the engagement of their daughter, Julie Provost, to Mr. James Houston Coates, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Otis Coates of this city.

Miss Nugent was graduated from the National Cathedral School for Girls and Colby College and will receive her master of arts in teaching from Wesleyan University in June.

Mr. Coates was graduated from Cincinnati Country Day School and Kenyon College and received his master of arts

in teaching from Wesleyan University last June.

A July wedding is being planned.

July Wedding

Miss Julie Provost Nugent and Mr. James Houston Coates have set Tuesday, July 7, as the date for their wedding. The ceremony for members of the immediate families will take place at 4 o'clock in the National Cathedral, Washington, D. C. Miss Nugent is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Lake Nugent Jr. of Washington. Mr. Coates is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Coates of this city.

Her New Directions Take on Fascinating Dimensions

Mrs. Alfred Williams Is Useful, Wherever She Turns Her Talents

BY MARY M. REYNOLDS

If Mrs. Alfred D. Williams lives to be 100 she'll never get around to all the things she wants to do. Because, she says, she's so badly coordinated—always going off in some new direction or other.

That seems excusable, even laudable, considering the directions in which Joan Williams heads. Take the Fine Arts Festival whose cochairmanship she shares with Mrs. William Taff. Last year the two had charge of the children's division; this year they've taken on the whole works. And what a works it is, "even with a whole week to show all the culture offered in Chattanooga!" During that week citizens will get a chance to explore arts and crafts they don't know as well as to dote on those they do know. As one example of the cultural range covered by the Festival, she pointed out, "We'll have the away-out and the way-in—the Interpreters doing 'J.B.' are on the same program with the Shape Note Singers."

If she's happy as a lark serving on the board of the Women of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, it's certainly partly because she acts as advisor to the Youth Group who strum away at guitars or hold discussion groups on Sunday evenings. "Last year we explored the drama; this year I'm doing that with adults. We read plays like 'South Pacific' and 'Tea and Sympathy' to find the religious themes in them. You'd be surprised at how much more than just entertainment you can find in them."

She sings—"I squeak, really!"—in the church choir, too. And in the Junior League Chorus. But she neither sings nor squeaks in the Chattanooga Concert Choir, on whose board she serves.

Some of the directions she takes are mighty cosmopolitan. She'll come back from a vacation, the epitome of self-sacrifice, to rattle off French with fellow-students in Mrs. Stanley Addis's French class. And like all the other board members of the Experiment for International Living, she can get quite lyrical about that program.

Last summer her own family entertained a Burma Shell Corp. personnel director from Bombay—"he was outstanding." The visitor seemed to think Chattanooga was outstanding too—he later wrote the Williamses that the Indian group who had come to Chattanooga had had the most successful visit of any Indian group in the United States.

If, looking at red-haired Joan Williams, you expect her to throw herself into a Highland fling or, at least, speak with a Scottish burr, you'll be disappointed. But you won't have missed the mark very far. "Almost a first-generation American," both her grandfathers came from Scotland. Her mother's father, James Shields,

came to America when he was 11 years old—a stone-deaf child, indentured to work in the Pennsylvania cold mines. In those days, she said, children were used in the mines where adults were too big to go, and in her grandfather's case, his handicap made mining supposedly his only chance for employment. But the deaf child rose above his handicap and did all right for himself—he was able to retire at 40. And his ownership of the first automobile in Daytona Beach, Fla., site of his winter home, is immortalized in an old copy of Popular Mechanics which is in his granddaughter's possession. Also in her possession are a couple of things whose background she isn't so sure of—a desk and quilt that once belonged to Harriet Beecher Stowe, and which she inherited from her mother, though she hasn't the faintest notion of how they got into her family.



—Times Staff Photo by Harold Haven.

MRS. ALFRED D. WILLIAMS

Joan Bayne Williams, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Bayne, went to Kimberley School in her native Montclair, N.J., then to Bennington College. During the winter-month work Bennington required of its students, she taught writing at Kimberley, worked for Publishers Weekly and for a local magazine.

In 1943 she left Bennington and married Mr. Williams—the hard way. The Army spirited the bridegroom to Florida two days before the elaborately planned wedding, so everything was canceled—everything that is, but the cars to transport the gasoline-rationed guests. Forgotten, all the cars rolled up forlornly empty at the appointed hour and place. The wedding, held the next week in Florida, featured a never-say-die bridesmaid suffering from measles. "She just pulled her veil down over her face and

Fine Arts Festival Poses Challenge Along With Church Work and EIL

went on with the show. Poor Margy, I can see her now."

The Williamses have three children: Bruce, 15; Alice, 13 and Margaret, 8.

During the war Mrs. Williams worked for Eastern Aircraft "just long enough to mess up their filing system." After the war she was a housewife in Reading, Pa. And after that she started a school in Puerto Rico.

Puerto Rico has fine parochial and public schools, but they didn't suit our purpose. So another girl and I started teaching our children by the Calvert System." Other families joined in, teachers were hired and "the Catholic University gave us a monastery they weren't using." Now, she said, the Caribbean School has 275 students, its own building and is one of the prides of Puerto Rico.

From Puerto Rico, which she loved and admired and which "jolts you out of your narrow view of things because people come there to live from all over the world," the Williams family went to West Chester, Pa. There she was president of the Visiting Nurses Association, "a private organization like public health." In 1961 the Williamses came here where Mr. Williams is with Du Pont.

Every summer she and her family take off for Camp Runois in Maine. "I was a camper there, my daughter is now, and after the camp closes in the summer a few families come and stay there for their vacation. It's a small camp, but everywhere I've ever lived, I've found somebody who either went there herself or whose daughter goes there now. It's given continuity to my peripatetic life."

She likes to read and to sew. And does until, one of those new directions opens up and uncoordinates her. Whatever her own feelings, though, others will say the record shows that a small touch of Joan Williams' brand of bad coordination might be good for everybody.

SPHS Student New Zealand-Bound

Jane Orbeton Exchange Student

JANE Orbeton, 16, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. Orbeton, 45 Channel Road, South Portland, who was notified Dec. 20 that she is the successful SPHS candidate to be an exchange student under the American Field Service plan, has just one month to prepare to go half-way round the world.

Jane will fly on Jan. 20 to Auckland, New Zealand, to make her home with a family in Invercargill, N.Z.

PACKING is a minor chore in the list of things to be done before mid-January because Jane, who will fly, has only a 44 pound baggage allowance. She will have to clean up mid-year exams at South Portland High, some scheduled early for her. She has already received her passport, and it goes with her visa application to the AFS in New York, which will forward it to San Francisco, where she will pick it up, after flying to the west coast, from where she flies to Honolulu, then to the Fiji Islands, and on to Auckland.

SHE has seven inoculations to get through, including three typhoids, two paratyphoids, tetanus and smallpox.

Extra reading matter, suggested by the AFS, includes books on foreign relations, foreign policy and overseasmanship, to prepare Jane to be a junior ambassador abroad.

"WHEN the news came, there was a great scramble for the atlas and the encyclopedia," Jane's mother explained. Jane's "research" determined that she will be living at the very tip of New Zealand, just 300 miles north of the U.S. base of Antarctic operations.

Because the New Zealand winter and summer are the reverse of ours, Jane will arrive at the beginning of first term of the New Zealand school year, which begins Feb. 4. With two two-weeks breaks, the school year continues through Dec. 12. Jane, returning at the end of 1964, resumes her studies as a senior at SPHS—and, except for vacations coinciding with our spring and Christmas vacations, will have been in school for 20 consecutive months at the time she graduates.

A HIGH school junior here,



Packing doesn't pose too much of a problem for AFS candidate Jane Orbeton, who leaves South Portland High at the end of this semester to pick up her studies in Invercargill, New Zealand,

where students wear school uniforms. The Orbetons themselves were hosts two years ago to a Belgian AFS exchange student, Mary Lou Heushen. (By Staff Photographer Olson)

Jane will enter either upper or lower sixth form in the Southland Girls High School. This corresponds to our junior year, except that those going on to college take university exams at the end of this term.

"I'll be living with a very sports-minded family," says Jane, who has scored on the tennis courts and is a member of the SPHS swim team.

Her "New Zealand family" includes Richard Baker, a mer-

cer ("We had to look that up, too—it means a textile dealer"), Mrs. Baker and three teen-age daughters and a son, 12.

MR. BAKER was at one time runner-up for the New Zealand lightweight boxing title, and has been a champion in three weight classes. His wife is a hockey cup winner and the three girls, Lesley, 16, Gail, 14 and Pamela, 13, are outstanding breast-stroke swimmers; Lesley holds the New Zealand girl's breast-stroke champion-

ship. Even the "baby" of the family, 12-year-old Wayne, goes out for rugby and the discus throw.

JANE was selected after applying to AFS to live abroad (she could be no more specific than "southern hemisphere") and going through faculty interviews at her school and home visits by community AFS representatives. She is one of a select group; last year only 265 U. S. students were sent overseas.